Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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THE SCULPTOR'S CHRIST.

BY JENNIE M. BINGHAM.

'Twas Dannecker, the sculptor great,
Who toiled through years, nor thought of rest,
To make a statue of our Lord,
Of all his work to be the best.

The last stroke made, a child he called,
And slow unveiled the statue high;
"Who is this image, child?" he asked,
And watched the face and wondering eye.

"Some great man it must be, I know;"
And shook her head with childish grace;
Then turned away and left him sad:
He'd failed, 'twas not the Saviour's face.

Again he wrought with cunning hand,
Once more he called the child from play
To where the marble statue rose;
And asked again, "Who is it, pray?"

Her eyes grew light with dimpled smiles:
"'Tis 'Suffer little children,' he—
The very one, he says it now;
His face, you see, says, 'Come to me.'"

The sculptor bowed his head in tears,
"It's finished now, no more I ask;
The best this hand can carve is made;
My day of life has wrought its task."

REX RANSOM'S CRUISE TO FAR CATHAY.

A Serial Story.

BY AN OFFICER IN THE U. S. NAVY.

CHAPTER II.

First Impressions.

The United States Ship *Scranton* (second rate) was a comparatively new ship, of 3,900 tons' displacement, and had been provided with every modern equipment which the condition of our navy at the time permitted. She carried a battery of ten eight-inch, muzzle-loading, rifled guns (converted from eleven-inch smooth bores), most of them mounted on hydraulic recoil-check carriages; two of these were used as forward and after pivots on the spar-deck. Besides these, she carried four Hotchkiss revolving cannon, an improved Gatling, several breech-loading howitzers, and a torpedo outfit. She was provided with full sail and full steam-power, and with a variety of appliances, such as a steam windlass for getting the anchors, ventilating fans for the lower decks run by steam, a steam steering gear, a steam drying-room for wet clothes, a distilling apparatus fully adequate for condensing sufficient pure water for the five hundred officers and crew on board, and, last but not least, an electric-light plant and fittings, by which the entire ship—decks, cabins, and even lowest store-rooms—could be made at night almost as light as day. The lanterns for the spar-deck and gangway ladders, and even for the forestay and mizzen-top, were connected with the dynamo, which occupied a compact room nearly amid-ships on the berth-deck.

To our hero this ship was a surprise and a revelation. He had never dreamed of any thing so perfect, so grand as this. He looked eagerly about him when he reached the deck; but he could not see much, for all hands had been called for the morning evolution—this time, to cross top-gallant and royal yards. The executive officer, a tall and powerfully-built man, was walking up and down the quarter-deck, trumpet in hand. The other officers were at their stations. The crew had manned the yard-ropes. The topmen were waiting impatiently on the shear-poles. There was silence fore and aft. He could not stay there; he was in the way; he had no station yet. Reluctantly he followed the apprentices who had come with him down the main hatchway, encountering many a curious glance from the sailors whom he passed.

Below he found the deck almost deserted, and the tables spread for breakfast. He noted, quickly and admiringly, the height "between decks;" the massive guns, secured for port; the clean white paint-work; the well-scrubbed decks and ladders; the neat iron hatch-oamings. Standing at the engine-room hatchway he glanced down into the large engine-room, with its complex machinery; and then he looked up to the deck above. He saw the topmen "lay aloft" like monkeys, at the word of command; he could hear the crew above walk away with the yard-ropes; far up, on the jack and cross-trees, he could discern the men, waiting, at the order to "sway across," to put on the lifts and braces, and pass the parrel lashing; he heard the orderly report "eight bells," and lo! amid the roll of drum and sound of bugle, the yards were simultaneously crossed on all three masts; and then—could he really believe his own ears?—a band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," as the colors were slowly hoisted to the peak, the yards squared, and the men came tumbling below to breakfast.

The draft from the *Newburyport* was quickly absorbed into the ship's company. In about fifteen minutes the "station billet" blanks were filled out by the ship's writer, and passed to each apprentice. Rex looked at his, and found that it contained, besides his name and rate as "second class boy," his watch number (328), his division (the fourth), his gun (the after pivot), his company for infantry drill (E), his mess (No. 9), and his boat (the fifth cutter); he learned further that he belonged to the port watch of mizzen-topmen, and would report in due time to the "captain" (that is, petty officer) of that part of the ship for his duties.

Thanks to his brief training on the ship which he had left, these somewhat complex assignments were easily understood; and as all hands were at breakfast he started off to find his mess, and "scoff his scouse."

It was not hard to find table No. 9. The mess, however, were but thinly represented, several of the men having got through and gone forward to smoke. It was a long, hard-wood table, suspended fore and aft from hammock hooks, with benches sufficient to accommodate about twenty persons. Much to his surprise, instead of tin pots and pans merely, the table was neatly furnished with crockery—plates, bowls for coffee—and with knives, forks, and spoons. Some remnants

of the breakfast were left, scouse, liver and bacon, soft bread.

He hesitated a moment, not knowing where to sit. A gruff-looking petty officer looked up at him.

"You belong here?" he growled.

"Yes, if this is No. 9," the youth replied. "Is there any particular place for me to sit?"

"No; squat anywhere—jest where you be is as good a place as any. The cook 'll give yer a plate an' fixin's."

Rex took his seat, and the cook supplied him with a generous morning ration, including a bowl of black coffee. While he was eating, a desultory talk was kept up about him, and he was somewhat sharply inspected by his messmates. Among these he noticed a sailor with light hair and beard, and fair complexion, whose tone of voice and limited command of language betrayed his foreign birth. There was something in his manner which attracted the boy, and made him feel instinctively that he would find in him a friend. He kept his eye on him, determining to speak to him as he left the table.

The gruff petty officer who had first addressed him and whose name was Norris, turned to him as he filled his pipe before leaving the table, and said:

"This here stuff don't none of it belong to the government. It belongs to us. We chipped in and got it. You'll have to pay a dollar to jine the mess, and a dollar a month for extras." He said this in a threatening tone, as if to imply that no opposition would be tolerated.

Rex smiled quietly.

"Are you the caterer?" he asked.

"Yes."

Slipping his hand into his monk-bag inside his shirt, Rex took out two dollars, and handed it to the sailor, who received it with the remark,

"Yer needn't have been so all-fired prompt about it! I aint in no hurry."

"I'm always ready to pay my footing," the lad replied.

Rex found no difficulty in getting acquainted with the foreign sailor whose manner had interested him. He proved to be a Norwegian, a good seaman, a man of excellent habits, but somewhat shy and reserved. His name was Andersen. As he did not smoke, and the hands had not yet been "turned to," he consented to look through the ship with the new-comer.

They first went down to the berth-deck. The after part of this was occupied by the wardroom. A sentry was on post before one of the open doors, but Rex could look in. It was a handsome apartment, some seventy feet long, with nine rooms opening out on each side for the officers. The mizzen mast passed through it. Abaft this, secured fore and aft, was the long mess table, covered with a scarlet cover, and lighted by a skylight. Farther on, at the extreme end, Rex could see the glitter of the mess silver in the pantry. Forward of the mast was a round table, with a silk cover, on which were files of papers and magazines. Pretty electroliers of brass with white shades were suspended over these tables. The "country," as the open space of the wardroom is called, was carpeted with linoleum. Portieres and curtains of silk damask were furnished for each room. The white paint-work shone with an outside gloss. Only two or three of the officers were visible, the rest having finished their informal morning meal of eggs, toast, and coffee, and gone to the deck above to smoke or take an airing. The wardroom "boys" were busy putting the rooms to rights, and rubbing the brass stanchions till they shone like gold.

"If the wardroom is so fine, what must the cabins be!" Rex remarked.

"The cabins are very nice—what you call elegant," Andersen said, in his precise, measured way. "You will see them some day."

Andersen then told his new friend how the officers' rooms were arranged—the first, on the starboard side, for the executive officer; the second, for the navigator; the rest, for the watch officers according to rank. On the port side, first came the chief engineer's room; then, in order, the paymaster's, surgeon's, marine officers', and chaplain's; after these, the assistant engineer's, and medical officers'. Forward of the ward-room, on each side, were the steerages, occupied by the junior officers, whom Andersen smilingly said were a "lively set."

"But where do the steerage officers sleep?" Rex asked. "I don't see any beds in there, or places to put them."

"O, they swing, like sailor-men, in hammocks, or cots, some in the steerages, some in the passage-ways outside, and some on the deck above."

Noticing that forward of the steerages there were no rooms but the pay-office and dispensary on one side, and the sick bay on the other, Rex asked where the quarters for the warrant officers were, and was much surprised to learn that no such officers had been ordered to the ship, their duties being performed by "mates," rated from the crew—a chief boatswain's mate, gunner's mate, carpenter's mate, and sail-maker's mate.

They passed forward on the berth-deck, where Rex found much to interest him—the dynamo room, the steam ventilating fans, the steam windlass, the lockers provided in place of bags where each man could stow his "kit," and the lockers for "mess gear."

They were still engaged in their exploration when a bugle call was heard on deck which Andersen said meant "gun and deck bright work." Rex hastened up to the spar-deck. The whole crew seemed to be at work cleaning the brass-work. He went to his own gun, the after pivot. The junior officer of the division, a naval cadet, was in charge, and the lad saluted him and reported for duty. The officer told him that his station at the gun would be No. 8, "second shellman and first boarder," and that his gun "bright work" would be to clean the "cap squares and trunnion face." The quarter gunner gave him some brick and oil and cleaning rags, and Rex set to work in earnest. In a few moments his "bright work" was satisfactorily shining. Then his deck "bright work" was assigned to him, to clean a part of the canopy rails over the after hatchway.

Rex was a quick observer. He kept his eyes and ears open while at work. In this way he made himself, in a quiet way, acquainted with the crew of his gun, and the men in his part of the ship. He noted, as far as he could, the peculiarities of each, and occasionally threw in a word or a question in the conversation going on about him. Sometimes he heard what he did not like to hear, a coarse jest, a vulgar or profane word; but so eager was his interest in all that he saw, so romantic his notions of the new life which was opening before him, that these things made but a slight impression at the time.

He was especially interested in the bugle calls. All through the day he listened intently when one was sounded, and inquired of any one near him the meaning of it. Some of these he found to be exceedingly appropriate. Thus, the call for "all hands," or to "clear the lower decks," was "Rally round the flag." The "black-listers," those who for punishment were required to perform extra duty, were summoned by the sarcastic notes of "That's where the laugh comes in." He was told that the call to stand by hammocks was, "Put me in my little bed;" for the coal-heavers to go down to the fire-room, "Down in a coal-mine;" for the crew to go in swimming, "Mother, may I go out to swim?" As there were from thirty to forty of these calls, it took several days before he got familiar with them.

The usual "quarters for inspection" occurred at 9:30 in the morning. By that time the whole ship was in a tidy condition, every thing put away, the decks thoroughly cleared up. From Rex's station at his gun he could look along the entire spar-deck. On the port side the marines were drawn up in double file, a well-drilled body of over fifty soldiers. He was particularly struck with the way the orderly sergeant mustered them, and reported, with an elaborate salute, to the officer in command, "All present or accounted for;" and the quick orders by which the company was brought to a "parade rest," when each man stood as immovable as though turned into

stone. On the left of the marines the band fell in without instruments.

On the starboard side, forward of the gangway, was the navigator's division, drawn up in double file facing inboard; and on the forecastle, the crew of the forward pivot.

But Rex enjoyed especially watching the executive officer receive the reports of the officers of the different divisions. He fairly ached to ask the names of these officers, and various questions about them, but he dared not move his lips. When all the reports had been made, the executive officer, with a vast deal of military dignity, turned on his heel, but not seeing the captain, went below to the cabin. Returning he gave the order to "beat the retreat," and the different crews left their stations.

Released from "quarters," Rex did not know at first what to do with himself. He soon learned, however, that there would be no drills that day, as there were stores to be taken in. Tug-boats from the navy yard, heavily loaded, were already along-side. A part of the crew were soon detailed to tend the "whips" for hoisting them on board, while others were sent below to store them. Eager to have his part in what was going on, Rex hunted up the captain of the mizzen-top, and was sent by him down to the after orlop deck, under the ward-room, to receive paymaster's stores, as they were lowered down the hatchway, and carry them to the store-rooms. In this work he was kept busy all the morning, handling barrels of flour, rice, sugar, and beans, boxes containing dried apples, raisins, pickles, coffee, canned tomatoes, etc.

'Twas hard work, for the deck was low and dimly-lighted, but he was so ready and cheerful that he soon got the good-will of those who were working with him.

He found out a good many things, too—that the deck was called "orlop" because in the earlier days of the navy it used to be detachable, could be *hauled up* and scrubbed; that, besides the paymaster's store-rooms on the deck there were the two cabin store-rooms; the marines' store-room, and the navigator's also, the latter containing charts, lanterns, instruments, etc. He was shown a "bread room," lined with tin, capable of holding 17,000 pounds of hard-tack. He got acquainted with "Jack-o'-the-dust," as the sailor is called who does all the rough, heavy work in the pay department. He learned, too, that the after magazines were below this deck, and that he was walking above powder and shell sufficient to "blow up a town," as some one expressed it.

He was told that the keys to the magazines were kept in the captain's cabin; that no one was allowed to go down into them except the gunner's mates and the officer in charge of the powder division; that these were required to wear while down there the "magazine dress and shoes," made of soft woolen, with no metallic buttons or any thing to cause friction; that the magazines were lined with lead to keep out moisture, and lighted from without through a plate glass, no light being allowed inside; that the powder was kept in air-tight copper tanks; and that, forward of the magazines, were the shell-rooms, filled with shells weighing from 150 to 180 pounds each, and each kept in a box by itself.

"It would be a dreadful thing to have the ship get on fire," said Rex, "with so much powder and shell."

"O, they've got that all fixed," one of the men said. "When we go to 'fire quarters,' men are stationed at the flood cocks up in the wardroom. All they have to do is to pull a lever, if necessary, and that opens a valve outside, and lets the water in till the magazines are chock full."

In the afternoon Rex was kept busy with a number of little duties until about four o'clock, when the work of the day slackened. He used what opportunity he could get to familiarize himself with the geography of the ship, and to learn the names of several of the petty officers. When he "fell in" at evening quarters and answered to his muster, he began to feel somewhat at home. At the sundown evolution, when the light-yards were "sent down," and the colors "hauled down," and the boats that were in the water hoisted, all at once, he felt again the keen thrill of joy at finding himself a part of a system which worked with such astonishing precision; but when the dynamo was started, and the electric lights turned the gathering gloom between decks into a brilliance that he had never dreamed of, and the band brought out their music stands, and arranged their scores, and began to play for cabin and wardroom dinner, he felt so "awful jolly" that he could scarcely keep his feet on the deck. He had never learned to dance, but he felt a queer responsive quivering in his heels to the music. And he would not then have exchanged his new life and surroundings for any thing else whatever that the world could offer.

The hammock call was sounded at 8:30, and all the crew went up to "stand by." Rex had remembered the place in the "nettings" where his hammock was stowed, and had picked out his "billet," the hooks on the gun-deck where he was to hang it. But there seemed to be some delay. The crew were standing in long lines fore and aft, on either side, beside the rail, but there was no order to uncover and pipe down. He heard some one impatiently mutter, "The sky pilot is behind time to-night." What it meant he did not at the moment perceive, but the mystery was solved when the chaplain came on deck. Standing by the engine-room hatchway, amid profound silence and uncovered heads, he offered up a brief but earnest thanksgiving to the Almighty Father for the blessings of the by-gone day, with petitions for pardon, protection, and peace for all on board, and invocations for blessings upon kindred and friends far away, closing with the Lord's prayer, uttered with a fervency which made it strangely real.

Rex had never been a seeker of Christ. He respected religion and attended divine worship; he had been carefully trained morally, and had in no serious way departed from his training; but thus far he had resisted the convictions which pointed to a higher life. That prayer at hammocks made a singular impression upon him. Amid all the confusion of serving out and carrying below he could not shake it off, did not wish to shake it off. As he undressed and put away his clothes under his mattress, and swung himself into his hammock, it abode with him. The drum beat "the call," "rolled off," the nine o'clock gun was fired, the bugle sounded the tattoo, the order for silence was given on the decks below, where all the crew except the anchor watch were now "swinging," the corporal and sentries paced up and down, but Rex, though tired with the day's work and excitement, could not resign himself to sleep.

His thoughts went back to earlier days, to the influences of his youth. Hallowed memories came up of forms now departed. The grass was withering with the November frosts on the graves of that far-off New Hampshire church-yard, but the lives that had been lived in the quiet farm-house, lives fragrant with sweet humility and holy trust, had yet a voice, and the youth's heart had been opened that night to listen. When finally he fell asleep, it was with a new resolution—a resolution, which, alas! was for some time but feebly kept and often broken, but which bore fruit after many days.

[*To be continued.*]

LETTER FROM EUROPE.—No. II.

BY ABEL STEVENS, LL.D.

A Calvinian Morning in Geneva—Reformation Hall—Calvin's College—John Knox—Popular Education—Arminius in Geneva.

The "inveterate Yankee traveler," to whom I introduced you in my last letter, though a big-hearted Arminian himself, is of Puritanic family antecedents. Out of respect for the memory of his father, who died a venerated New England "deacon," he proposed yesterday that we should make a "Calvinian morning of it," for a couple hours at least. So off we started to see what local traces we could find of the great reformer.

While we are plodding along our way, it may be remarked that Calvin was not, as is often supposed in America, a Swiss; on the contrary, he was a Frenchman, and born (1509) far off in Picardy, one of the northernmost sections of France. Grim as he was, and without a spark of French vivacity, his characteristic severity must not, then, be attributed to the rigor of the Swiss temperament, or the Swiss climate. Nor should it be considered a clerical characteristic, for he was bred a lawyer, and the honorable brotherhood of the bar can present some claim to him—if they wish that honor. His father, a humble *tonnelier*, or barrel-maker, designed him for the Catholic priesthood, but afterward devoted him to jurisprudence. It should be remembered, however, that, before the Reformation, "canon" or Church law constituted a large part of jurisprudence; Calvin, therefore, knew well enough what he was about when he took side with the Reformation. He was never technically ordained as a clergyman, though "beneficed" when only twelve years old; and, like most scholars of his day, he was a theologian from his youth. He wrote, lectured, and preached against Rome with his might. He taught that Christianity had no priesthood save that of Christ and all saints; no ordination, in the received sense of that word; no Sabbath in the sense of the Decalogue. He and Luther are chiefly responsible for what we call the "German Sunday;" he taught, indeed, its strict observance, but under the authority of the magistrate, not that of Holy Scripture. According to him, the Church should have a "pastorate," or "ministry," but not a priesthood; and its pastors might well enough be formally designated to their functions; but technical "ordination," and the "two" or "three orders"—he snapped his fingers at them, as at most other ecclesiastical pretensions. He came to Geneva in 1536, and was elected professor of theology, being but twenty-seven years old, and having published, when only twenty-six, his famous "Institutes." Farel had begun the Reformation here some two years before his arrival, but Calvin now became at once its representative man—a colossus in the history of his times, second only to Luther in the inauguration of modern civilization. These remarks are not irrelevant, *en passant;* they may be needed by young readers; and then you must bear in mind that I am writing letters, and must be allowed the usual epistolary license. The letter has its essential literary attributes, as much as the epic or drama, and among them are familiarity, versatility, even a little garrulity. You spoil it if you convert it into an essay.

But we have reached, in our walk, what I may call his only modern monument, for the stern reformer in dying forbade any monumental memorial in his honor, even a tomb-stone. We stand before the "Hall of the Reformation," erected in 1866 in commemoration of him and his great work. It is as plain a structure as the architect could well make it. It is built of stone, and stuccoed, like nearly all buildings here, private or public. The Genevese are very practical, and this edifice is for utility, not ornamentation. It is spacious; the auditorium, with its double galleries, will accommodate three thousand hearers. There are several smaller halls and committee rooms; a "Calvin-Bibliotheque," or library, including, of course, all his works and all procurable books about the Reformation; there is also a missionary museum, etc. It is a befitting monument; its very plainness suits the rigor of Calvin's character.

But we must pass on. We now begin to climb the north-eastern side of the city hill; on our left are the Astronomical Observatory, in a pretty little park; the glittering domes of the Russian church; and, still more interesting, the site of the old Priory of St. Victor, whose prior, Bonivard, is known, the world over, as Byron's hero at the castle of Chillon, whither I shall invite you to accompany me on some pleasant day. We stand at last on a terrace of the hill-side, with splendid prospects of the city, lake, and mountains. Here, right before us, is a humble edifice which should be forever memorable throughout the civilized world. It is "Calvin's College," hoary with age, but still effective with about a thousand Geneva boys for its pupils—a low, two-storied structure forming a right angle, and, with the high walls of its other two sides, inclosing an ample quadrangular court-yard. There is hardly an ornamental point about it, none whatever on its exterior; on the court-yard façades are a few pillars with corroded capitals, and the city arms in stone, with the motto, "*Post tenebras lux*"—"After darkness light." It is said to have read, before Calvin's day, "*Post tenebras spero lucem*"—"After darkness I hope for light." But the light had come in the Reformation, and the phrase was changed by the omission of "*Spero.*" A key and half-eagle form the rest of the coat of arms here, as they still do on the city escutcheon—symbols which indicate the ancient government of the canton, when it was ruled by its bishop under the protection of the empire.

All is practical, all utilitarian here, like nearly every other building left by early Calvinism in any part of Europe. Its apartments are all recitation or lecture rooms, bare and bald. It formerly had portraits, busts, manuscripts, etc., of the reformers, but these have been removed to the new university.

This is about all that can be said of the edifice itself, but what could not be said of its history! It has been one of the greatest intellectual work-shops on our planet. Here, as at the academy and the cathedral, Calvin taught and shook the world. Within these time-worn walls have been educated nearly all the great men of Church and State, who, since the Reformation, have given this little city a European reputation in literature and science (especially in science) such as no equally small city has ever had, unless we must except Athens in the days of Pericles. "Seed thoughts" have been scattered from this school into all the Christian world—into Germany, the Netherlands, Scotland, Canada, the United States, Australia—and have produced harvests over nearly half the globe; not merely theological thought, but scientific and political; for the democracy, the political "liberalism" of the modern world—the American and French Revolutions themselves—were born in Geneva, and John Calvin was their great historic sponsor. The grey old walls on which we are now looking with glistening eyes were, three hundred years ago, the citadel of the greatest interests, the best destinies of our race.

One fact alone gives them immeasurable interest—here really was founded that theory of "popular education" which is revolutionizing the world. Calvin early saw that the education of the people, of the "masses," could alone save them from superstition, from tyrant-craft and priest-craft, and be the stable basis of a free commonwealth such as he was fostering in Geneva. This college was not, indeed, the typical "primary school," but the Protestant primary or common school was conceived here, if it was not born here. It sprung from the very genius of the place, from that educational spirit which characterized the great reformer; which began this school; and which soon after made the popular school next important to the Church throughout the whole canton, so that ever since the Genevese have been the best educated "common people" on the Continent. Here sat at the feet of Calvin a heroic young Scotchman, who returned to his native land determined to sweep popery out of it, and to elevate his countrymen by Calvin's teachings and plans. The name of John Knox, the "Scotch reformer," is thus forever associated with that of John Calvin. Great ideas are always simple. Knox had a very effective but simple scheme for the salvation of his country, and it became the central and permanent power of the Scotch Reformation. It was that every hamlet, every parish should have two provisions—a church and a school-house. This may be pronounced the origin of the primary school system. Prussia, France, Italy, every great State of the civilized world now has it. Any great State without it would be considered outside the pale of modern civilization. It went, in idea at least, from Scotland into the Puritan Churches of England, and thence to the Puritan colonies of America. It has made the Scotch-

man the superior man you find him to be the world over. It has made the "Great Republic" of the new world. England has been the latest to provide formally the common school system, but Scotland redeems her in history. The world owes it, in definite form, to Scotland; Scotland owes it to John Knox; John Knox owed it to John Calvin. Whatever may be said of the temper and dogma of Calvin, the world should gratefully acknowledge that, in his work for education and civil liberty, he ranks among the most illustrious sons of men. Who can predict the consequences of his theory of universal popular education? It has been said that the school-house is the best fortification of liberty. Burke called education the cheap defense of nations. Brougham predicted the reformation and liberation of mankind, because the "school-master is abroad." If you educate the people, you set them thinking for themselves; if they think for themselves they will soon begin to govern themselves, then down goes before them, sooner or later, "ruling classes," dynastic families, aristocracies, monarchies, and popes. Calvin's astute intellect saw these consequences, and these old walls of his school stand erect to-day to attest his prophetic good sense amid the ever-growing results of popular education, not only here, but in all the civilized world.

Not only did Knox study in Geneva and transplant the Reformation to his own nation, but another great man, from the North, not long after him, was here a student, a man whose opinions were destined to supersede those of Calvin in much of Christendom, and are now spreading, chiefly by Methodism, around the world—Arminius of Holland. This is another curious instance of the irony of history. Arminius was not well treated here, and had to leave the city; but Calvinism has now to leave the field of the world before the march of Arminianism. Wesley boldly stamped the name of Arminius on his first monthly periodical, the old "Arminian Magazine," now the oldest religious monthly in the world. He kept it there till his death; his successors have substituted his own for it; but the change of name has made no change of doctrine. "Orthodox" Calvinists once detested Arminianism as an almost fatal heresy. Professor Stuart, of Andover, proved to them, in a series of review articles, that they had quite misapprehended the great divine, that he was thoroughly "evangelical." Arminianism has ever since been involving Calvinistic Christendom, and under the banner of Methodism is invading the whole world. It is evangelical "liberalism," and its destiny can hardly be doubted.

We lingered about this memorable site, contemplating its hoary walls and its distant prospects till our two morning hours had nearly gone. "I am tired and hungry; we have seen enough, or at least thought enough, for this morning; let us go to the nearest restaurant," was the only response of my incorrigible Yankee companion to my rhapsodies. A little incident connected with that scandal of Europe, the "*pour boire*," had occurred at the college, and now led to a discussion of "Swiss characteristics," at our restaurant table. It would afford me materials for the letter which you have requested on the latter subject, but I cannot interpolate it here; it shall reach you in due time. Having refreshed ourselves we resumed our pilgrimage, and soon stood before the cathedral, the next most memorable scene of Calvin's labors. But the cathedral is a big affair, and this letter is already too big for the space allowed me. I must here drop the narrative, to resume it in my next.

POWER OF INFLUENCE.

Our many deeds, the thoughts that we have thought,
They go out from us thronging every hour;
And in them all is folded up a power
That on the earth doth move them to and fro;
And mighty are the marvels they have wrought
In hearts we know not, and may never know.

—*Faber.*

THE BOY SENTINEL.

An Incident of the Capture of Sontay.

BY W. H. GILDER.

PART II.

A Woman her own Protector.

The men are not the only brave ones among these people. Many of the women are also endowed with true courage, and can resent an insult quite readily. During the advance of General Negrier in Bac Ninh in the month of February, 1884, the skirmish line one day surprised a young woman near a place known as the Seven Pagodas which was in the line of march. She was very pretty despite her ungainly costume and accumulated dirt, and the gallant officer in command of the skirmishers amused himself and his comrades by chucking her under the chin, and assuming the overbearing air that distinguishes the conqueror in that part of the world. "Look out for that woman," said one of his subalterns, "she has a wicked look."

"O, no, that is nothing," said the captain, "she wouldn't hurt any body. See here," and at that word he put his arm around her neck. But quick as thought she whipped a large, old-fashioned pistol from out the folds of her dress, and before any hand could stay her she fired, and the man who had so needlessly insulted her lay dead at her feet. Her fate can easily be imagined. A dozen bullets sent her soul into eternity, and the vengeance of the conqueror was appeased. Full well I know the expression of that face, which the young lieutenant recognized when he cautioned his superior officer. I have seen these women angry, and have seen their long, oblique eyes become narrower, more elongated, and more oblique. They seem scarcely more than two long slits, while the pupils appear to settle in the corners as though they were cross-eyed. Their eyes don't snap fire, but have a wicked, snake-like look that is indeed dangerous. Though the woman is quiet enough at this time, she is ready to spring in a moment with the agility and ferocity of a tiger. These women are patriots and have little sympathy for the conquerors of their country, whom they regard, not as protectors, but as the murderers of their fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons.

The Boy Sentinel Avenged.

In the Baie d'Ailong, among what are called the "Thousand Islands," in the northern part of the Gulf of Tonkin, is the land-locked harbor that serves as the rendezvous for the French fleet in Tonkin. This is one of the most picturesque spots in the world. Literally, thousands of islands, or isolated peaks, shoot up from the water, forming many separate harbors, each of which is absolutely surrounded by land, and seems to be without exit. But between these pinnacled rocks are passages with deep water, so that it is possible to graze the sides of the rocks without fear of touching bottom or running upon reefs. The shelter is absolute and the water like a mill-pond. No one could imagine a more perfect pirate retreat, and here it was that fifteen or twenty years ago the Chinese pirate junks used to run in and elude the gun-boats that were in pursuit. The gun-boat would enter one of these harbors in chasing a junk to find the pirates had disappeared, and it seemed as if they must have sunk to the bottom, or pierced the solid wall of rock that appeared on every side. Once within the sheltering arm of one of these harbors the pirates were safe, as with their superior knowledge of all the intricate passages it was comparatively easy for them to escape. It proved a hard task for the viceroy's little fleet of gun-boats to chase these cunning rascals from their strong-hold, but it was finally accomplished, and those who were the pirates of the olden days, now driven inland from the coast, have joined the warrior band of Low-wing-fook, who, until the French occupation of the Red River delta, levied tax on all junks going up and down the river, plying trade with the Chinese province of Yunnan or carrying rice to foreign markets.

While many of the so-called thousand islands are merely barren, rocky pinnacles, others are lovely little spots covered

with verdure. On these islands and the adjacent main-land were the old dwellings of the piratical families. On one of these islands, near a portion of the coast where there existed a coal mine, the French built a block-house in the fall of 1883. This little fort was surrounded by a ditch which was crossed by a few planks which served as a bridge. Here a post had been established, consisting of a dozen sailors and marine infantry men commanded by a lieutenant. This was not a very lively post, and the men suffered more from *ennui* than from fear of an attack. But one quiet night the man on watch saw an object on the other side of the ditch, which looked like a man crawling stealthily along. Without making any unnecessary noise he pointed out the object to one of his companions, who slipped quietly out across the bridge, and, by keeping in the shadow of the fort, got near enough to see that there was but one person, who occasionally raised his head and gazed earnestly at the block-house. Watching his opportunity, the sailor suddenly sprang upon the intruder, whom he made prisoner, and led across the bridge into the inclosure. By the light of a lantern it was discovered that they had captured an Anamite girl of from eighteen to twenty years of age. The lieutenant, who had been on duty in Cochin China many years, addressed her in the Anamite tongue, and asked the object of her errand there. To this she deigned no reply. The officer then directed the sailor who had made the capture to search her; but as he approached, she drew a knife from her bosom, sprang upon him like a cat, and plunged the blade to the hilt in his bared breast. Before the officer had recovered from the surprise and shock of her sudden action she fell at his feet, her head cleft with the stroke of a saber in the hands of one of the sailors of the guard. Her body was searched, but nothing was found to explain her errand.

A few days after this occurrence had been related to me by an officer of the fleet, I met my old friend "Captain George," who, since disbanding his command of "Yellow Flags," had been serving as a river pilot from the Gulf of Tonkin to Haiphong. I knew that he spoke the Tonkinese language perfectly, and was acquainted with most all of the people along that part of the coast; therefore I asked him if he had ever heard of the circumstance of the capture and death of this girl. He replied that he had heard of it, not only from the French sailors, but also from the people along the coast.

Said he: "The other night, after I took the steamer that you came on last time up to Haiphong, I went again to the mouth of the river to wait for a steamer from Saigon which was due next day. Early in the morning I went ashore at the little fishing village on the north side of the river, and some of the people pointed out a middle-aged man with a very lame leg, whom I had long known by the name of Fong-yen, a pirate, who had been badly wounded several years ago in an engagement with one of the viceroy's gun-boats. He, they said, was the father of the girl who had been killed by the French sailors. So I called the fellow over and asked him what his daughter was doing at the block-house that night. The old scamp pointed at his lame leg and said that had prevented his going with the others to join Low-wing-fook, but his son went and always, he heard, had been a good soldier. Two weeks ago some people had come down from Sontay and told him that the French soldiers had killed his son when he was all alone inside the fort. He grieved much for his boy, and often wished he had two legs so he could revenge the lad, but now he could not. All the time his daughter looked very serious, but said nothing. Finally, one night she said: 'Father, I am going to kill one Frenchman,' and on a little bamboo raft she crossed to the island. That was the last he ever saw of her. The old man had heard that she killed one French sailor before she died, and he said, 'I am satisfied.' Now you know," added Captain George, "what was her errand at the block-house, and how well it was accomplished."

This brave girl, at the cost of her own life, had avenged the death of her brother, the boy sentinel of Sontay.

SNOW-BIRD AND SNOW-KING.

BY MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

Frau Kellner stood at the door of her low log-cabin peering out beyond the pig-pen, beyond the hay-stack, beyond the brush-fence that made the garden wall. Behind her a bright wood fire crackled and snapped in the chimney. Before her lay the prairie; but, between its wide bare stretches and her vision hung this swaying curtain of wind-blown snow. Her sleeves were rolled above her elbows, for she had been scrubbing the unpainted floor, and the sharp crystals of sleet stung her bare arms as she shaded her eyes with her hand. She did not mind it; she was thinking how it would bite at the tender cheeks of her little children, who, at just this time, ought to be half-way home from school. Half-way, yet even that distance left them over a mile to travel before they could see the welcome glow of the fire.

She left the door ajar, for if it kept on blowing at this rate, they would need it as a beacon, for the snow would cover every trace of the road. Already, while she stood there, the hedge had become a white embankment and the hay-stack a mountain of down.

Over beyond the stack, in a little inclosure, lay a small mound; and the wind was weaving and widening for it a little pall of snow. As its outline caught her gaze her blue eyes filled with tears. Frau Kellner sighed, for it was there last summer that they made her little Gretchen's grave. She had only three left; the three for whom she had spread the table and made the fire so bright; only three—Mariechen, Babetta, and Karl. Her husband Hans had brought them all from their old home near the Rhine, tempted by stories of the fine climate, abundant crops, and easy terms for government land. They had chosen their farm in the days when the prairies were really out "West;" and the house was built and the land improved and their claim secured before Hans went back to Germany, to obtain a small inheritance from a deceased uncle, and to bring his aged mother to share their prairie home.

Frau Kellner kept a brave heart while she waited; working in the fields and in the house; and making a man, as fast as she could, of Karl, her only boy. But fast as he grew, he was still only a lad of thirteen; when, instead of the dear old *groszmutter* and papa Hans, came the terrible news that the ship on which they sailed was lost, and Frau Kellner and her children were alone. Lost with them, too, were the savings of a life-time of prudence, during which the dear old woman had hoarded for her son; and also the inheritance that was to make the new life in the new land easy and glad to them all.

Sad enough the months and years that followed on the Kellner farm. Frau Kellner had come West direct from the ship, and had never had contact enough with English-speaking people to learn the language. The neighbors, few and distant, were kind; but Hans had been her interpreter, and since his departure that office fell upon the children, and increased the mother's conviction that they must be well taught in the language and learning of the new land that was henceforth to be their home. Therefore, she took upon herself double tasks, that, whenever the school was in session at the little town three miles away, the children all might go; and summer or winter, Karl knew what it was to rise early and work hard, but he never knew what it was to miss one day of school. And besides the advantage the lonely, overworked mother felt it was to Karl, she felt safer about his sisters when the sturdy lad was with them in their daily journey over miles of desolate road.

On the night of our story, though she felt sorry they had the long slow trudge through the snow, in the teeth of this biting wind, she had no other fear, for Karl was with them and would be sure to see them safely home. So she opened the door for the fire-light to shine out its welcome, and went about her work. She did not even feel anxious

enough, as the time wore on, to speak to Jacob Root, the man who, with his wife, lived in one end of the cabin, and helped Katherine "to carry on" the farm.

But when supper was ready and the onion-flavored potato salad steaming, and the *eier-kuchen's* yellow folds were wrapped like a turn-over over the blackberry jam, she was startled by the voices of Mariechen and Babetta, both rising together in a shrill cry for help. In a moment she was at the door; Jacob too, for he had heard the voices suddenly lifted above the storm. The wind had increased in violence, and the snow whirling in their faces blinded them for a moment; and then out plunged Jacob, followed by the mother, and helped the exhausted girls, whose forms made a dark swaying blot in the white drifts, that piled against the garden gate, over the threshold, and into the light of the fire.

"Look, mamma!" said little Babetta, "look under Mariechen's cloak. We found a little sister under the snow;" and pulling Mariechen, who seemed too exhausted to speak, forward, she pushed the heavy cloak aside, and there, clinging tight to her waist, was a little sunny-haired babe.

For a moment the mother grasped the table and turned white; was it her own little Gretchen come back to the warmth of her arms, from under the white strand of snow?

"Take her, mamma," said Mariechen, in an exhausted whisper. "We found her in the meeting-house shed at the cross-roads, and Karl brought her nearly here, and then he put her in my skirt and tied it up behind me, and I have brought her home to you."

"And he said she was a snow-bird," broke in Babetta, "and he made a warm nest for her in Mariechen's woolen dress, and now she's our very, *very* own!"

"But, Karl! where is Karl?" asked the mother, hardly looking at the babe, from which she was mechanically removing the wet clothing. "The storm becomes every moment worse. My boy will be lost in the snow."

"He went back for the mother. We were running along the road, and the snow began to come faster and faster, and Karl said there was an old sled by the church, and if we would come round that way, he would drag us home. We said the old sled was too heavy; but Karl laughed and said such a storm made him feel as strong as a horse. So we came that way, and when we got to the church the old sled was already half buried in the snow. Then the wind began to howl and the sleet to drive in our faces, so that we were glad to get under the shelter of the eaves; and there we stood, Karl with his trousers tucked up and his hands in his pockets whistling as hard as he could, when, just the other side of the wall, by the grave-yard, we heard a baby cry and somebody groaned a dreadful groan."

"And then I began to run," said Babetta, dancing about in great excitement.

"And I wanted to run myself," said Mariechen, "but I was ashamed to before Karl."

"And Karl?" asked the mother, now wrapping the baby in the blanket and turning its pink toes to the fire.

"Why Karl just went like a streak round the corner, and I after him, and—"

"And I ran back, too!" said Babetta.

"Yes, and Babetta too, and there in the shed where the horses are tied on Sunday, on the ground, lay a woman holding this little baby tight in her arms trying to keep off the wind and the snow."

"But where is she?" asked Frau Kellner, anxiously; "she will be frozen, and Karl too."

"No, no, mother," said Babetta, "Karl will help her. We thought she was dead, for when we got to her she did not groan or speak any more and she was white, so white. And Karl said she was dead and we must run home quickly to save the baby and get Jacob to go back for the woman. So he put his coat over her and we started; but when we were almost here, Karl gave Mariechen the baby and went back. He said he didn't believe she was dead, but only going to sleep, and he said he had heard that people would die who went to sleep in the snow. He would go back and rouse her up and keep her awake till Jacob could get there, and Jacob must bring the horse and they could bring her home upon the sled."

Almost before the story was told Jacob was gone, and to keep herself from too great anxiety about her precious boy, Frau Kellner fed the lonely babe and put it upon her own down coverlet to sleep, and then bustled about and got the girls into dry clothing and gave them some of the hot supper; careful to put aside a generous supply for Karl. There was still time to heat blankets and to put her warming-pan of hot coals into her bed for the poor stranger, whose life she felt her brave boy would save, even at the risk of his own. Strange how, in the midst of this excitement, her heart seemed full of him, almost to the exclusion of her dear daughters and even of the little stranger child that nestled, like her own baby, against her heart. Karl, Karl, so brave, so helpful, so tender, so like her own lost Hans! He was used to the storms, and she had no special fears, till she heard how the poor lady had been overcome; but now she could not seem to work hard enough to keep her fears away. Every other moment she ran to the window; would they never, never come?

Yes, here they were at last. It was Babetta's bright eyes that caught the gleam of the lantern, and then the huddled group upon the dark sled, and Jacob, and last of all they saw the old white horse. And here was the strange woman, lifted to the door in Jacob's brawny arms; but where was Karl?

"He would go on for the doctor," said Jacob. "I found him supporting the woman upon her feet, rubbing her hands and forcing her to move about. He kept her alive and told me to hurry home with her. He will come back soon with the doctor."

But hour after hour wore on, and still he did not come. With a sinking heart Frau Kellner nursed the chilled and exhausted stranger back to life. She warmed and fed and comforted her with a heart aching with heaviness over her own. Jacob was sent forth again to meet the boy, but returned saying the road was drifted and impassable, and Karl would have to stay in town all night, as the doctor would not walk, and no carriage could make its way through such a storm.

So Jacob went to bed and the tired girls were sent to rest, and the stranger slept with her child upon her arm; and Frau Kellner waited through the night, a prey to unutterable and perhaps unreasonable fears. She knew the way from the cross-roads church to the town was over the prairie swell, and not likely to be drifted, and if she could only know he had passed it safely and was comfortably lodged in the town. But he was only a lad, and had been battling with the storm since sunset; and sturdy as he was she could not dispel her fears.

All slept, but still she kept the supper hot and the fire ablaze, for any moment he might come. While she waited, a moan in the next room made her hasten to the bed-side. The stranger had wakened in great agitation and the restlessness of fever. "I must get to my uncle Hans's house," she said. The money is all his, and his wife will take care of my child."

"But this is the house of Hans," said Frau Kellner, startled at the woman's wild words. "Was he your uncle? and were you coming to us?"

"Yes, yes, I came by the ship and by the train—all the way—many days and many nights, and they told me at the town that it was less than three miles to your door. I thought I could reach it before the snow came; I have brought the money and the papers for your Hans."

But Frau Kellner thought that she was wild with fever and unconscious of what she said. "Try to sleep," she urged, "and tell me in the morning. I know you now; you are that cousin of Hans' whose husband took charge of the inheritance for him; but that was all settled, and my husband started home with the money, poor man, and it went to the sea with the rest."

"No, no, you did not understand. Hans wanted to settle with my husband and to take back his own to America, and

wrote you that he hoped to do so; but my husband had had trouble in business and had used a part of the inheritance, and Hans had to go away without it. But my husband repented and worked till he died to restore it, and he made me promise on his death-bed that I would bring it myself and place it in your hands or in those of your son. And I have brought it; and the papers and the notes are all here, sewed in packages in the linings of my clothes. I cannot wait to give them up. I am ill. My head is wild! Where is your eldest son?"

"God knows!" answered the mother, for the first moment giving way under the excitement of the last few hours. "God knows! and I would give the whole inheritance to see his face again;" when suddenly, in the open door-way, a white figure, clad in ghostly garments of fast melting snow, paused for a moment, and Karl said:

"I am here, mother. I came in just now. I heard her story. Tell her she must live with us, and that the little snow-bird shall be ours."

But the mother could only cling to him and let her tears help to melt the snow from his hair, and sob out, "How did you come, my child?"

"I walked," answered the boy, stoutly. "It was not so bad as you thought. I could come through places where a horse could not; and I would have stayed till morning, but I thought it would make you anxious;" and the lad gave back his mother's embrace with a hug that showed he felt more than he said.

And ever after that, his sisters called him the Snow-King, and the inheritance helped him to the learning his mother so highly prized. And as he grew up he was very tender in all his young manhood, as a snow-king ought to be, to a dainty little snow-bird that grew up in his home, and became at last a daughter to Frau Kellner, in her dead Gretchen's place.

A FIRE-LIGHT PICTURE.

The flames leap high on the glowing hearth,
The wintry wind howls fierce without,
And night is master save where the fire
With flame-wand conjures the darkness out.

Back from the fire-light's ruddiest glow,
Curtained in shadows velvet-laid,
Clasped in a great chair's loving arms
Lies silent and thoughtful a little maid.

Over her shoulders the brown locks stray,
Coyly peeping anon at her face,
And throat and fingers are white and fair
As the creamy folds of their clustering lace.

She paints in the embers her future life,
Love, beauty, and wealth make the picture bright.
Ah! maiden, the flames may dance gayly within,
But without howls the storm 'mid the blackness of night.

* * *

WHEN ENGLISH LITERATURE MAY BE SAID TO BEGIN.

BY PROF. C. T. WINCHESTER.

The year 1588 is one that all English-speaking people should remember. For it was in that year that Queen Elizabeth's brave captains, Howard and Raleigh and Drake, defeated the great Armada which King Philip of Spain had sent to conquer Protestant England. When, at the close of that memorable week in July, 1588, the Spanish fleet was driven, defeated and broken, to be wrecked along the shores of Ireland, the supremacy of England upon the seas was assured. If the victory had gone the other way, North America to-day very possibly might be what South America is to-day. But it is worth while to remember this date of 1588 for the further reason that it is the date at which English literature may be said to begin. In that year Edmund Spenser was writing the first cantos of his "Faerie Queene," and in that year, too, I think we may safely say that young William Shakespeare came up to London to seek his fortune. With these two men the succession of our great English writers begins. Since that year 1588 there has never been a day in which there were not alive at least two or three men in England whose books every educated person must know and read; but in all the centuries before that year 1588 there was only one man—Chaucer—who had written any book in English that most people to-day will care to look into.

Now it is not hard to see why it was that there were so few great books written in English before that time. In the first place, no man will be likely to write books unless there are people to read them. But it was not until after the middle of the sixteenth century that most people in the middle class of society could read or write at all. The sons of noblemen had usually been taught a little, and in the olden time there had been many schools in the abbeys and monasteries where poor boys who meant to become priests could learn to read and write their mother tongue and to construe a little Latin. Yet even after 1550 there were members of the House of Lords who could not read or write a word. Most men who had written books had written them in Latin, since they knew that books would be read by learned men only, and Latin was a language that learned men all over Europe would be sure to understand. But by the time of the Armada although there was as yet no great reading public, there were outside the ranks of the learned so many people of good intelligence that it was worth while to write for them. Between 1560 and 1580 many grammar schools had been established in England, so that children born after 1560, though their parents were but humble, usually got some schooling. During those years we find many families in which the father has no learning himself, but has sent his boys to school. One such family, named Shakespeare, there was in Stratford-on-Avon; and it is curious to think that the father of the world's greatest writer could never write his own name.

But before great books can be written, it is necessary that there should be not only somebody to read, but writers who have something to say. The men of the days of Queen Elizabeth's grandfathers led a dull life, the monopoly of which was varied only by the changing fortunes of war. How could they have much to tell us, when they knew so little themselves? And how could they stir our imagination, when there was so little in life to rouse their own? The world to them went on as it had always gone. War of some kind, one king to be set up and another to be put down, so it had always been, and most likely always would be. As to learning, that was for priests. Books in the English tongue there were none worth reading, even if they had known how to read them; Greek was a tongue they had never heard of; Latin was the language in which mass was sung at church, and in which only books of devotion and philosophy were written. They took it for granted that there couldn't be any thing new under the sun, and accepted what was told them on most matters without stopping to think much about it for themselves.

But in the time of the Armada it was very different. I think there can never again be so much to rouse men's curiosity and quicken their imagination as in those days when Spenser and Shakespeare were young. In fifty years the whole face of the world and the whole course of men's thought had been changed. It was as if men had waked from a sleep of centuries to find old things passed away and all things become new. Over the sea lay that strange New World, the very name of which suggested wonder and mystery. Every year English mariners sailed thither and came home with tales of wild men strange in speech and color, of rivers that ran over sands of gold, of towns with walls of solid silver, of Amazons, and other like wondrous things. "Why, man," says a sea-captain in an old play of that time, "in Virginia all

their dripping-pans are made of pure gold; and all the prisoners they take are fettered in gold; and as for rubies and diamonds they go forth on holidays and gather 'em by the seashore to stick in their children's caps." And so many incredible things had been proved true it was no wonder that such stories found easy belief. When one had come to believe that this earth, in spite of all appearance, was as round as a ball, and had actually seen at Plymouth the ship that had sailed quite round it, it seemed easy to believe almost any thing.

At home in England there had been strange changes too. The monks that, in the days of one's grandfather, had been so numerous all over the country, had been driven away; and of the noble abbeys in which they lived, some were turned into colleges or schools, but more were empty and fast falling into ruin. In the churches the costly shrines were broken down, and the service was said in English instead of in Latin as it used to be. Many plain people found it hard to understand very well all the changes that had been brought about in religion during the past fifty years; but now that quiet times had come, and young Queen Elizabeth was on the throne, every plain Englishman felt sure that the religion of Spain, the enemy of his country and his queen, could *not* be right. With Spain he must fight, both at home and over in that New World which Spain was trying to conquer for herself. And thus to many brave men the King of Spain and the Pope of Rome came to seem like Antichrist; and to fight them seemed a part of religion.

Besides—and I am not sure but that this was the greatest change of all—the Bible had been translated into English, and every man might now read it for himself, and judge what religion was right and what was wrong. Perhaps the most popular book in England, after the Bible, was Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," which told many an Englishman how his father, not more than thirty or forty years before, had been persecuted or perhaps burnt at the stake for daring to have a copy of the Bible, which every man might now own and read.

And the Bible was not the only book that had been opened to Englishmen in those fifty years. Greek was no longer an unknown tongue, and Latin no longer a mere priest's tongue; young men at school and university were reading their Homer, their Plato, their Virgil, their Seneca. We can hardly imagine how eagerly, after centuries of dullness and rubbish, men turned to this realm of beauty and romance. Here was another new world opened to the imagination. Very soon the best Greek and Latin books were translated into English, and the beautiful stories of the old Greek mythology retold in grammars and readers, so that many people who, like Shakespeare, had small Latin and less Greek, could still feel the charm of that old history and poetry. One of the earliest plays Shakespeare ever wrote—I am sure it was his first *great* play—the Midsummer Night's Dream, is mostly made up out of pretty bits of Greek myth, which I fancy Shakespeare had learned at school when a boy. And one translation of Plutarch he read so well that he found the plots of three great tragedies in it.

In every way it seems certain that men were finding more comforts and luxuries in life than their fathers had found. Plain people had more to eat and more to wear than ever before. They began, says an old writer of that time, to think they must have glass on their tables and pillows on their beds. The nobles built themselves goodly houses that we admire to this day, and surrounded them with parks and gardens that seemed like paradise.

In such an age as this, it seemed worth while to be alive. Men's heads were full of thoughts and fancies. They were eager to enjoy this strange and beautiful world. The men of this generation will have something to say. And when *they* begin to write books, English literature will commence.

In words as in fashions the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.—*Pope*

AN ATTACK OF FOOT-SOLDIERS.

It is no extraordinary thing for a child to run away from its shadow, but it is quite unusual for a grown person to try to escape an invasion like that described in this paragraph·

In this town, says the Augusta "Standard," there is an old lymphatic negro, who has wonderfully large feet, and is always ready to take a rest. One day while lying upon the cabin floor, slumbering, with his feet presented to the glimmering light, he opened one eye a little, and getting a glimpse of the dark objects, he mistook them for two little negroes, and cried out, "Git frum 'fore me, I say! kick you in de fire if you don't—I will, suah!" And again he snored. His dreams not being pleasant, he finally opened both eyes, and still seeing the pests, he drew up his feet for the threatened kick, but alarmed to see the enemy advancing upon him, he bellowed out, "Wea-war you comin' to now. Go 'way dar!"

PACIFIC MEASURES.

In these days peace societies talk of doing away with war, and settling disputes by arbitration. Perhaps they may get an idea from the course pursued by the diplomatic Dutchman, described in the following paragraph:

A story is told of an auctioneer who was provokingly annoyed while in the exercise of his profession by the ludicrous bids of a fellow whose sole object seemed to be to make sport for the buyers, rather than himself to buy. At length, enraged beyond endurance, the knight of the hammer, looking around the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs, fixed his eyes upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very monarch in strength, and cried out, "Marlow, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?" "I take one fife-dollar bill." "Done! done! you shall have it." Assuming the ferocious, knitting his brows, spreading his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old Marlow strode off to the aggressor, and seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all over the room, "My good frin, you go out mit me, I give you half the money." "Done! done!" says the fellow. "Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the audience. The auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh, and coolly handed out the V.

TASTES DIFFER.

Although Scotland and England have been one nation since the day when James the First came to take the vacant throne of Elizabeth, the old race feeling continually comes to the surface, and on such occasions the canny Scot is likely to come out ahead.

Some amusing tilts between English and Scottish conceit are related by Dean Ramsay. A lowland cattle-dealer expressed his surprise that Nelson should have issued his signal at Trafalgar in the terms, "*England expects*," etc. He was met with the answer (which seemed highly satisfactory to the rest), "Ay, Nelson only said 'expects' of the English; he said naething of Scotland, for he *kenned the Scotch* would do theirs." A splenetic Englishman said to a Scotchman, something of a wag, that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. To which the canny Scot replied, "Tasts differ; I'se tak' ye to a place, no far frae Stirling, whaur thretty thousand of your countrymen ha' been for five hundred years, an' they've nae thocht o' leavin' yet."

GOOD ADVICE.

It is not certain that the majority of our readers will be able to put this advice into practice, but if you should ever go lion-hunting please paste this in your hat and it may save your head. It comes from an English sportsman who wrote a book about the "Large game of South Africa:"

It should always be recollected, before meddling with lions, that if you do come to close quarters with them, death is the probable result. There are cases within my own knowledge where, single-handed, and armed only with a spear, a native has succeeded in killing a lion that has sprung upon him, without receiving in return any thing but trifling injuries; but these are only exceptions that prove the rule that where they strike they kill. Unlike other large game, they divide their attentions equally, springing from one to another, and fighting with tooth and claw in the most wonderful manner. It is a grand sight to see one charge a native regiment sent out after it, as is sometimes done, springing over the heads of the first line right into the center, flying about, knocking men down with every blow, until, a complete sieve of assegai wounds, it dies fighting. Few hints can be given that can be of any service when the lion is once fairly charging and your gun is empty. When you have to take refuge in a tree, go up it as far as you can, for if none of its bones are broken the lion will generally have a try at you, though if the branches are thick, there is little danger even within distance of its spring. In a case where a few seconds' delay may save your life, it is worth while to know that any thing thrown down—a hat, coat, etc.—will first be torn up with a crunch of the teeth or a blow of the paw before your pursuer resumes the chase. It has, to my knowledge, saved more than one man at a pinch.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 a year, when taken in clubs of ten to one address; single copies, $1 25.

IN one of the most wealthy and flourishing cities of Pennsylvania resides a Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school superintendent, who adds to inherited wealth, business tact and enterprise, a fine college education, and the universal confidence of his neighbors, a degree of enthusiasm in Sunday-school work which is thoroughly refreshing in these days of money-making and of religious apathy. Our friend is both rich and religious. He gives and works. He stands on the right side on all questions of business, political, and social life. He has, like that other model superintendent, LEWIS MILLER, Esq., of Akron, Ohio, one of the finest Sunday-school rooms in the United States. All that industry, consecration, and money can do is done for the school we report; and in its success we see the best fruit of the best work, of work performed under the most favorable external and material conditions. It is blessed to give when one can give largely of time, toil, talent, money, and faith to a good enterprise. We do not forget that it is blessed to give "two mites" when these measure and justly represent one's "might."

OUR friend's private study is a curiosity. It is not an elaborate library of stately books with bedizened backs—only a more expensive way of decorating a wall with "paper." He has, we believe, somewhere in his elegant house, a collection of classics, shelved and shining, for the admiration of esthetic housekeepers, and for the gratification of that delicate taste in many true scholars which prefers to see king-thoughts in royal raiment, but his private study is far more plebeian, and is noticeable and commendable for its practical character. It is a study for study. Its books are arranged for use. They are classified without the slightest reference to size or binding. The proximity of books is determined by a law of internal harmony and of practical service. It is a Sunday-school man's study. But it is the study of an intelligent and broad Sunday-school man, who believes in the Church and in the Bible; and in the Sunday-school as a part of one and a product of both, and as valuable only as it builds up the one and promotes practical and experimental acquaintance with the other. Here are commentaries, sermons, religious monographs, theological hand-books, cyclopedias, religious biographies, different versions of the Bible, concordances, and Scripture analyses. Nor these alone, for here are monthly and weekly Sunday-school and other religious papers, hand-books of Sunday-school theory, organization, and work, tracts bearing on the duties of superintendent and teachers, and, in fact, a collection, remarkably large and rich, of every thing that a Sunday-school worker of the age needs for study and consultation.

BUT our friend's theory of work impressed us most of all. He said: "My pet idea is that of clear and ample illustration. I work for illustrations by which I may make the lessons of each Sabbath thoroughly comprehensible by both teachers and scholars. I read for illustrations. I run through the commentaries for illustrations. I search sermons for illustrations. I subscribe for various religious papers to find illustrations. Here," said he, "is my scrap-book of—illustrations." Sure enough, he had found and fastened for reference any number of illustrations. In this he is wise. In no other way can he be more useful to his teachers at the weekly meeting. In no other way can he so effectually arrest the attention of the school in the general review. The comments on the current lessons in weekly paper and monthly magazine supply exposition, analysis, and didactic statement. The element in which these helps are most deficient is in the line of illustration. It is at once the most practical and the most difficult of all the furnishments provided for Sunday-school teachers. Therefore our diligent brother, wise with the best teaching wisdom, works to get and give concrete puttings of the great lesson in every lesson. "I cannot use those provided by the 'helps' which all the teachers employ. I must have something which will be new to them and to their scholars." For this reason he searches in all directions for illustrative material. And he finds. And he has manifold rewards.

THE best result of a search for illustrations is not in the finding of illustrations—wrought out and ready for use. Such illustrations are not by any means useless. They are often excellent. Well-wielded they hew to the line. The best writers and the most eloquent speakers accept them. But the best writers and speakers are not satisfied by them. A gardener may buy lettuce or potatoes at the market for his own table once in a while, but not often. He prefers to raise his own. He may buy from others for planting, and he may plant what he buys, but it is that he may soon bring from his own ground something his own and not another's. The seeker for illustrations gets what he seeks, but he is likely to get more. While he searches, something not sought comes to him. It is an illustration, but not from somebody else. No one ever used it before. It is his own. He thought it within himself. It was while in quest of illustration that it came. The mental intensity was quickened into vitality. Digging for a traditional pot of gold coins, he suddenly found a vein of gold-bearing quartz. The thing he found was vastly more valuable than the thing he sought. Out of his findings now may come countless pots of coin. The mental stimulus from original discovery cannot be over-estimated. The consciousness of personal productive power gives self-confidence. With this confidence comes energy of purpose. Again, in the discussion of a subject which one has worked up by his own investigation and thought, there is a personal force of presentation—something akin to magnetism—by which he doubles his power of speech. The originating life in himself exerts a quickening power upon his hearers. They do not know why they are so greatly interested. The secret is one of the secrets of *life*.

The best illustration of religious truth is a religious life. It is the proof of the thing. It is theory incarnated and living; taking form according to the thought that was at first only a thought, spoken or written; moving and doing, and thus demonstrating. A story about somebody whose life was in harmony with the truth is valuable as an illustration by the teacher, but a life—and that the teacher's life—in visible, familiar, unmistakable harmony with the truth is vastly more valuable. Godly fathers and mothers are the best illustra-

tions that can be used at home to prove the divinity of the Gospel. They are worth more than fine, artist-proof engravings of biblical or religious subjects by the masters of art. They are worth more than monographs and manuals of Christian evidences prepared by professors of theology or Christian laymen of great scholarship. And so is it with teachers. They are stories and pictures and books all in one. The pupil cannot help seeing them. He must look and read whether he wants to or not. Some pictures hang in a poor light, or are from certain angles invisible. One may be in a room a long time and not notice, or at least not be impressed by, them. But living teachers who love God and serve Christ and help men cannot be put into a dark place. They make shaded corners radiant. There is no angle of vision from which they cannot be seen and interpreted. They take ideas out of books and send them walking about the room like real people. Theories become facts—living, pleading, ruling facts. Doubt is impossible, however recreant heart and life may be to faith. It is as if some talismanic wand were to touch a painting and start all of its characters into life and motion, bringing them out from the canvas, causing them to come near you and grasp your hand and tell you with a living voice the secrets of the world they represent. Such illustrations transfer the student from a realm of speculation, dogma, and ideals into a world of solemn and eternal verities. When our pupils can have teachers who themselves are embodiments of the doctrines they teach—"living epistles read and known of all men"—then will Christianity take firm hold on man, and the heavens be always opened to bless the earth.

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

Lesson for December 13. The Suffering Saviour.—Isa. 53. 1–12.

Golden Text.—Isa. 53. 6.

There is not a day that you do not find among your young associates some one who has to bear the consequences of some other person's wrong-doing. "If it had been his own fault," you say, "it would not have seemed so hard; but he is an honest, square sort of a fellow, and every body believes in him, and yet he can't get a job because he is half blind and is of no use." What are the facts? His father, in a drunken fit years ago, struck him across the face and injured his eyes. And there the poor fellow is, ambitious, willing to work, but cannot get a place. And it is all because of his father's brutality. He bears the effects of another's wrong. It may seem hard, but there is the fact. In the next life he may find some compensation, but in this life he suffers, and must suffer as long as he lives. It seems strange and even unjust that he should suffer at all, seeing that he did no wrong himself. But he does suffer. He *must* suffer. It is a law of nature, which is the same as saying it is the law of God.

Here is another fellow. He jumps in between a blow that is aimed by a bully's fist and the poor, half-blind fellow at whom it was aimed. He jumps in just in time to catch the full force of the blow on his own face. He saves his comrade, but it is at his own expense. He is laid up for a month. He loses his recitations. He forfeits his school stand. He fails to enjoy an evening party, and a game at base-ball, to both of which he had been invited. He is misrepresented by some who say that he was responsible for the row, and deserved all that he got. Now why did he run all this risk and suffer all this discomfort? He did not by accident get into the way of that hard blow. He meant to do just what he did. In fact, he did it through pity. He deliberately took it rather than to let the blind boy get it. He put himself in the blind boy's stead, and he himself suffered that the other might be saved. He suffered for another. This strange thing happens in life every day. Mother suffers to shield her child. She wakes, although so weary, in order to give sleep to her child. She suffers from cold to keep him warm. She turns her head to receive a blow that she may keep her darling from harm. Human history, human life, every day, is full of such heroism—the heroism of pity and of love.

Let me tell you another thing about the brave and bruised defender of the blind boy. When the assailant was arrested and fined and thrust into prison because he had nothing to pay, the boy he struck went to the proper officer and paid the fine himself, and set the rough fellow free. It cost him ten dollars to do it. He could ill afford the ten dollars, and yet he did it. He suffered once to save his friend. Now he suffers to save his enemy. Two things happen: 1. The public wonder and then applaud his magnanimity. 2. The boy he set free from prison wonders, and begs pardon, and lavishes thanks on him, and vows he will do some great thing yet to show how highly he appreciates this unwonted kindness. Ever after the boy honors and loves the great-hearted friend whom he had injured, and is never satisfied till he has paid back, or done his best to pay back, the sum by which he was ransomed.

Here, you see, are some strange laws in human life: 1. Suffering through necessity for the wrong done by another. 2. Suffering through desire and purpose to shield a friend. 3. Suffering deliberately to save a foe.

The strange laws of this world are found also in the great spiritual world, and in our lesson we have a prophecy of One who should come to save his enemies—sinners against God—by dying for them. In the sublime and pathetic poetry of this famous chapter we see the law of suffering for others in order to save them. It is full of tenderness. It should be read in connection with the story of our Saviour's agony, trial, and crucifixion.

And we should ask: 1. How may we realize this wonderful fact, that the Saviour suffered death for us? 2. How can we show forth our gratitude and love to him?

May light from the world of truth shine on this great fact and make us *feel* its reality, and help us to live as in full view of it!

Lesson for December 20. The Gracious Invitation.—Isa. 55. 1–11.

Golden Text.—Isa. 55. 1.

The men who denounce the Bible, especially the Old Testament, show how little they have read it. They call it cruel, whereas it is full of kindness. To be sure, it is a just book. Books of law ought to be just. It tells of severe judgments that fell on great sinners. It foretells severe judgments that are yet to fall on great sinners. This is right. Any thing else would not be true to the facts of human life or to the best interests of human nature. It is a terrible thing to sentence a man to prison—for twenty years, for example. And yet it is wise and kind. It is kind to the community, and kind to the man himself. But there is more love than vengeance in the Old Testament. It is like the land in which it was written—rugged and mountainous, but with plains and valleys of verdure and hill-sides full of vines, and fruitful gardens stretching by river-side and along terraced slopes. There is far more generosity than severity in the Bible; and no more severity than was demanded by the character and conduct of the people among whom, and the world full of people for whom, it was written.

This lesson from Isaiah is one of the Old Testament terraces full of flowers, vines, and fountains. It is fragrant with love and tenderness. It reminds one in the first verse of a singing cascade falling into a full lake, cooling the atmosphere, brightening the foliage, and slaking the thirst of hot and weary pilgrims. The prophet in the name of the Lord reasons with the people—with such abundance of kindness—vers. 2, 3. It promises the Coming One (vers. 4, 5) who is to cry out in the temple, centuries later, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink." He sings a song of grace, offering every thing to the repenting sinner. He makes a wonderful promise in verse 7: "Abundantly pardon." These great, rich words are like the opening of a new stream in the valley—full, strong, clear, cooling, resistless. Have you seen a sky, black with clouds, become clear in a few hours so that the bending heavens seemed perfectly free from every thread of mist? So from the guilty soul God can and often does sweep away all gloom and all guilt. He forgives. When God forgives he does forgive, and then his own peace comes—calm, sweet, clear, shining, full—"abundant." Do you know of it yourself? You may. Read verses 6 and 7, and open your heart to the strong currents of God's love. Believe his word. Rest in him.

How *can* it be? You ask. You cannot think your way into the reality or the possibility. You would not forgive that way. You don't forgive that way. But your thoughts and God's thoughts are different. You are little. He is large. You are of a day. He is eternal. You cannot estimate the value of a life. He knows what a precious thing a living soul is. He loves to love. He loves to forgive. He loves to help. "There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea," yea, like the wideness of the sky. Ask the astronomer how vast the thoughts of grace must be when they are like the "heavens higher than the earth." Have great faith in God's great love and turn to him.

It may seem a hard thing to do it, but God can make your dead soul live and your barren life bear fruit. He does a greater wonder in nature when the rain and snow come down upon the earth and when out of the earth come up "bud" and "seed" and "bread." God can make a true saint and hero of you. He *can*. He will if you allow it. Open your heart to him and welcome all divine and heavenly moisture and light!

Build a booth on the terrace. Eat the fruit that grows there. Drink the waters that pour from the fountains. Rejoice in flowing stream and cloudless sky and golden harvest. May the parable find its explanation in your own heart and life!

1. Hear the invitation, ver. 1; 2. Heed the protest, vers. 2, 3; 3. Believe the prophecy, vers. 4, 5; 4. Obey the command, vers. 6, 7; 5. Prove the promise, ver. 7; 6. Stretch your thought to the illustration, vers. 8, 9, 7. Rest in the assurance, vers. 10, 11.

And may this lesson "prosper in the thing whereto" the Lord "sent it!"

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE Rev. Dr. Daniel Wise says, concerning the arms of the Wesley family: "In his will John Wesley forbade the use of an *escutcheon* at his funeral, a prohibition equivalent to an admission that his family had 'armorial bearings.' In the Cyclopedias of Heraldry by Burke and Berry, no less than ten different coats of arms are described as belonging to various branches of the family, under the name of Westley, Wesley, and Wellesley. The arms here given are copied from *the seal of the Kingswood School.* It would seem, therefore, that Wesley recognized this coat of arms as the one to which his branch of the family had a right. It is similar to, if not precisely the same as, the arms of Garret Wesley, of Dangan Castle, Ireland; and these facts go far to sustain Mr. Stevenson's claim, in his "Memorials of the Wesley Family," that the Epworth Wesleys were lineally descended, both on the male and female side, from the ancient line of Wesleys of which Guy, Thane of Welswe, was the progenitor in the tenth century. Bartholomew Wesley, the great-grandfather of our founder, being the son of Sir Herbert Wesley, of Devonshire, England, and of Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Wesley, of Dangan Castle, Ireland, could claim direct relationship with both the main stock and its Irish branch. The arms are given here, not as an addition to the fame and worth of our founder, who could well afford to be 'his own ancestor,' but as a matter of historic interest to all who admire his character and appreciate his work."

IN the list of meetings for Oxford Leagues, given in OUR YOUTH for December 5, a very important provision was, by some inexplicable oversight, omitted. It is as follows:

"There may be held in the local church, for the promotion of the various ends contemplated by the League, a meeting, which may be known as *The Visitation*, at which, by sermons, lectures, services of sacred song, conferences, Bible studies, etc., conducted by experienced instructors from at home and abroad, the young people especially may be trained in religious experience and inspired to Church activity in the various lines of Christian service."

It is under the same inspiration that led James M'Gee, Esq., of Plainfield, N. J., a member of our committee, to propose the above scheme that a brother in Iowa writes us, "I hope to visit a dozen points in our Conference this summer and start as many of the Leagues as I can.

LEAGUE NOTES.

LETTERS are now reaching our office almost daily inquiring about the Oxford League or making report of organization.

The Rev. J. A. Kummer, *Sharon, Pa.*, writes: "The League is flourishing. We meet every Monday evening. We are reading Oxford League Series No. I. Our attendance is large, including many who do not belong to the Church; so we vary our exercises, having lectures, readings, recitations, question drawer, and such other matter as our executive committee may furnish. We are now reading the book of Psalms. Many who are not church members have agreed to read with us." Mr. Kummer also publishes a neat little monthly church paper which he calls "The Oxford League."

The Rev. M. D. Collins, *Chariton, Iowa*, in May, 1885, reported the organization of an Oxford League in his church three weeks before, with a membership of twenty-three. Five persons had already finished the initial and second grades of reading and applied for a charter (according to the provisions of the original plan), that a "chapter" of the league might immediately be formed in the Chariton church. The Bishops had not then appointed the Board of Control, and the Chariton chapter could not be organized. In June we received another letter from Mr. Collins with a list of charter members—twelve in all, given below. They constitute Chapter No. 1 of the Oxford League: M. D. Collins, pastor; George G. Fancher, leader of the league; J. Elta Layton, R. J. Marshall, Augusta Householder, Mary E. Baxter, George H. Vanhorne, Mary Bartholomew, Mrs. Thomas Guylee, K. A. Collins, Jennie Marshall, Anna Dent.

The Rev. C. M. Cobern, *Monroe, Mich.*, reported in July a League started some three months ago. "We have now some fifty or sixty members. It meets fortnightly. Each quarter we hold two open sessions and four private, or, as we call them, 'secret,' sessions. The first business in the private session is the 'League Drill' on the course of study you have laid down for us." We have additional information to give concerning the Monroe League.

The Rev. W. H. W. Rees, *Creston, Iowa*, reports August 28, an Oxford League of twenty members. The following members make application for a charter, and constitute Chapter No. 2 of the Oxford League: W. H. W. Rees, Tillie Gibson, Lida Arnold, Maria Robeson, William Arnold, Phebe Spencer.

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

THE attention of our readers is directed to the article by Prof. C. T. Winchester, "When English Literature May be Said to Begin," which appears on page 24. Read carefully this important paper.

There are two rules of grammar, simple in themselves, yet so often violated, that attention to them is a sign of education and a certain degree of refinement. These rules are familiar, and few people who neglect them can plead ignorance as an excuse. Knowledge which is not put to some use is valueless, and a rule which is never applied or practiced might as well be left unlearned. If the scholars of OUR SCHOOL AT HOME will give careful heed to these two rules in their every-day conversation, whether with older people or with companions, in calmness or in excitement, they will have taken a long and difficult step toward acquiring a mastery of language. Let these rules be learned not as so many words, but as ideas preserved in words. Make the idea your own, and express it as you please. The rules are stated and illustrated simply. There can be no difficulty in understanding them. The real labor you will find in abandoning the old habits and acquiring the new. This will require care, thought, patience, and perseverance, all excellent qualities, which need an early development in a course of self-education.

RULE I.—*A singular subject requires a singular verb and singular pronouns, and a plural subject requires a plural verb and plural pronouns.*

Violations of this rule: One of these men *shoot* at the mark. Each of the sailors *mend their* jackets.

In the first sentence *one* (man) is the subject, and the verb should be not *shoot*, but *shoots*. A mistake of this kind is often caused by the influence of a plural noun which, coming between the subject and the verb, makes the latter forget its obligation to agree with the singular noun or pronoun. Keep steadily in mind the number (singular or plural) of the subject until you have safely passed the verb.

The second sentence illustrates the same error in the use of the verb, and also the employment of the plural pronoun instead of the singular. Probably this mistake is more common than any other. People who escape the pitfall of the verb fall into that of the pronoun. When you have taken a singular subject, remember throughout the sentence that you are talking about a single person or thing.

There are some nouns, like *army, committee, cabinet, corps, company*, etc., which may be used as either singular or plural, but having once decided which number you will employ, never change in the same sentence or paragraph.

In most languages by changing the form of a noun different meanings are given to it. This series of changes is called *declension* of a noun. English nouns are changed in only two ways, namely, by the addition of the apostrophe (') with *s* to form the possessive case, and by the addition of *s* (or in rare instances by a vowel change) to form the plural.

Father, poss., father's; pl. fathers.
Man, poss., man's; pl. men.

The pronouns, however, are declined. Thus we have in the personal pronouns:

Nominative case, I, thou, he.
Possessive case, My or mine, thy or thine, his.
Objective case, Me, thee, him.

And in the relative pronouns:

Nom., Who.
Poss., Whose.
Obj., Whom.

This explanation prepares the way for our second rule.

RULE II.—*A noun or pronoun the object of a verb, or governed by a preposition, should be in the objective case.*

Here are some examples which break this rule: (*a*) Will you let Jim and *I* do this. (*b*) Between you and *I*, that is not true. (*c*) *Who* do you want to see? (*d*) I would rather he beat you than I.

(*a*) *I* is in the nominative case after the verb *let*. It should be *me*.

(*b*) *I*, governed by the preposition *between*, should be *me*.

(*c*) *Who* is the object of the verb *see*, and should be *whom*. When the pronoun is separated from its verb, as in this case, the error is not so easily detected, and needs to be avoided all the more carefully.

(*d*) This sentence may be right or wrong. If the writer means to say that he would prefer to have some one else beat the culprit, the sentence is correct, but if he wishes to convey the idea that he is glad to have the culprit chastised and escape himself, *I* should be changed to *me*. In an instance of this kind a mistake in grammar may change the meaning entirely.

It is a mark of great excellence in a language that it possesses many words which express slightly varying shades of meaning. If a painter were limited to the seven hues of the rainbow, his pictures might be brilliant, but he would be unable to give to them that delicacy which preserves the true relations of size and distance. The English tongue has gathered to itself during its centuries of development a vast number of words from the languages of other nations, and has, in this way, gained a rich vocabulary.

It is of the greatest advantage to a speaker or writer to be the master of this wealth of expressive material. It matters little to us that our language contains a dozen words with which to express shades of

thought if we know but one of these words, or, knowing all, use all with one signification.

Again, the similarity in the appearance of words may lead us into grievous errors of usage. The English has, in many cases, derived two words from the same source, and long usage has given them two very different meanings.

Examine the following partial list of such misleading expressions. Try your own usage by this standard, and make sure that for the future you keep your own language, written and spoken, free from these too frequent improprieties:

Continual, denoting frequent repetition, should not be confounded with *continuous*, which refers to one unbroken action; for example, the teacher was *continually* saying that the circumference of a circle is a *continuous* line.

Childish is applied to actions which are not worthy of a grown person; *child-like* expresses the good qualities of children; for example, my grandfather grew feeble and *childish*, but my mother had always a *child-like* simplicity. A like distinction should be observed in the words *womanish* and *womanly*.

Healthy denotes the possession of health; *healthful* means health-giving; for example, a *healthy* person is one who eats *healthful* or wholesome food.

Likely is correctly used of any probability, but *liable* refers to unwelcome occurrences; for example, I am *likely* to go out, but if it is icy I am *liable* to fall.

To purpose and *to propose* are often wrongly used interchangeably; the former signifies intention, while the latter only suggests; for example, I *purpose* to go to Washington as you *proposed* yesterday.

Vocation and *avocation* follow their Latin meanings. *Vocation* means calling or trade; *avocation* is a calling away from; for example, something which breaks in upon customary occupation. Preaching is his *vocation* while lecturing is his *avocation*.

Visitant and *visitor* are very different beings. The former is used of a supernatural appearance, the latter of a human being; for example, my *visitor* spoke with horror of his strange *visitant*.

Deadly means death-dealing; *deathly* means dead-like; for example, a *deathly* paleness proved how *deadly* was the disease.

Enormousness is used of things of uncommon size; *enormity* expresses uncommon horror; for example, the *enormousness* of a person's wealth may result from the *enormity* of his crimes.

Noted and *notorious* are adjectives which should be applied with care. A *noted* person is one who is well known; a *notorious* person is known for his ill-deeds; for example, a *notorious* burglar was discovered in the house of a *noted* judge.

By *observation* we merely perceive or take notice of; by *observance* we honor with peculiar ceremony; for example, he spoke of his *observation* of the moon; the *observance* of Thanksgiving day was a New England custom.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

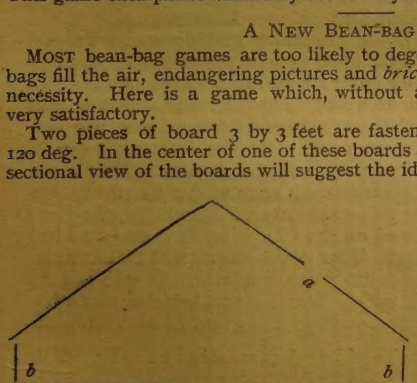
Picture Naming.

This game supposes a certain degree of acquaintance with historical events, and requires a very limited amount of artistic skill on the part of those who play. Any number may join in the game, which is conducted as follows: Long, narrow slips of paper are distributed among the players, each of whom draws at the top of his paper a picture or sketch representing some prominent event in history, and then passes it to his right-hand neighbor. This person, after coming to a conclusion about the picture (often a difficult matter), writes at the *bottom* of the paper his idea of the sketch, and then folding over this end so as to hide what he has written, passes it on to the next. This operation is repeated until the slips have returned to the original owners, when each in turn, after mentioning the correct title of his picture, reads the names which others have given it. The worse the drawing the more varying, of course, are the titles. This game exemplifies admirably the old saying, "Many men, many minds."

A New Bean-bag Game.

Most bean-bag games are too likely to degenerate into a riot in which bean-bags fill the air, endangering pictures and *bric-a-brac*, and making self-defense a necessity. Here is a game which, without any of these dangers, has proved very satisfactory.

Two pieces of board 3 by 3 feet are fastened together at an angle of about 120 deg. In the center of one of these boards a hole 4 by 4 inches is cut. This sectional view of the boards will suggest the idea clearly:



Two supports (*b*, *b*) raise the boards from the floor. There should be five bean-bags, four of which will easily pass through the hole *a;* the fifth should be larger. The players take their positions ten or twelve feet away from the board, and the side where the hole is cut, and each in turn tries to throw the bags through the aperture. The smaller bags, if they fall on the floor in front of the board, count 0; if they lodge on the incline *toward* the player, they count 1 each; if they go through the hole, 5 each; if they lodge on the farther side of the board, 1 must be *deducted* from the player's score for each bag, and if they fall to the floor on the farther side 5 must be deducted in each case. The large bag counts respectively 0, 2, 10, 2 *off*, and 10 *off*. A game may be fifty, seventy-five, or one hundred, as the players agree. Each player throws all five bags, every time he has a turn, and the one who first reaches one hundred, or the limit, wins, provided the others have had as many turns. In time a person will become very expert in sending the bags to exactly the right place.

In our last issue we had something to say to the young gentlemen about athletic exercise. If the young ladies suppose that we have no advice for them upon the same subject, they are sadly mistaken.

We do not mean by athletic exercise, in the case of girls, running or jumping contests. That sort of thing may have done well enough in Sparta centuries ago, but even did we care to advocate such a course to-day, it is to be feared that public sentiment would fail to give us warm support.

We ask simply for sensible and thorough systems of exercise for our girls. It is just as important that they should be strong and vigorous as that our boys should develop physical powers and endurance.

We can imagine what some young lady will say just at this point: "O, it's all very well to talk about exercise; boys can play foot-ball and base-ball and hare-and-hounds, and all that, but what are we poor dress-fettered mortals to do? There, don't say walk. Every one says walk."

Walking is excellent exercise, especially if it be done in sensible boots, but it is not the sole outdoor pursuit open to young ladies. No, indeed. Have you ever seen a lithe girl at tennis, hair flying wildly, face flushed, eyes flashing, or have you watched her as she sends a light boat skimming over the lake? Have you stepped aside on a country road at the sound of hoof-beats, and caught a glimpse of a happy, excited face as some young horsewoman went dashing by at a quick canter?

Stand at the foot of a Canadian toboggan slide or of a coasting-hill in "the States," and watch the merry loads fly past in clouds of whirling snow. There you will find the athletic young lady in full force. Her smiling face may be reddened by the cold and wind, but what of that? A good constitution is worth more than a delicate complexion.

So you see, young ladies, you have a chance still. Enter into these various outdoor amusements as heartily as you can. You will never regret it.

To return to the subject of walking. To wander off alone on a tramp through the country may do for poets and philosophers, but it does not find favor among healthy young people. Companionship is a necessary accessory to a pleasant walk. Therefore, young ladies, organize walking clubs among your friends. Have regular days for long walks over as many different roads as you can find. When winter comes it is not very difficult to change a walking club into a skating or a coasting club, and keep the organization up the year round. Think kindly of these suggestions, young ladies, and whatever you may decide be sure to spend as much time as you can in the open air, summer and winter.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF OUR YOUTH.

The Christmas number of Our Youth, published December 19, will be especially attractive. It will appear in a handsome illuminated cover with a beautiful panel from a design by a gifted New York artist. Among its literary features we name the following: "Old Christmas," a poem by Anna F. Burnham; "Christmas Nuts," a story by Rose Terry Cooke; "An Arctic Christmas," by Lieut. Schwatka; "Christmas in Bethlehem," by J. H. Vincent; "Christmas and the Sunday-School," by Dr. J. L. Hurlbut, and other short sketches and poems appropriate to the season. The third chapter of the fascinating serial, "Rex Ransom's Cruise to Far Cathay," by a U. S. Naval Officer, will continue the interesting account of the hero's experiences on a United States man-of-war.

The various departments will share the general holiday character of this number.

The *School at Home* will outline a course of Christmas reading, and give extracts from leading authors.

Recreation will be full of hints on how to deck a Christmas-tree, how to spend Christmas Eve, etc., etc.

The department of *The Oxford League*, of which Our Youth is the organ, will present the claims and report the progress of that organization.

The editorial department will treat timely topics in a vigorous and interesting manner.

Jest and Youthful Jollity will be entirely devoted to original Christmas jingles.

This list of good things will show that Our Youth intends to keep abreast of the times, and furnish its readers with the best literature, although at the lowest price.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

The Balkan Trouble.

THE people of the Turkish province of Eastern Roumelia rose in revolution September 18, deposed their governor, and proclaimed a union with Bulgaria. This action infringed the Treaty of Berlin, and by enlarging the area of one state aroused the jealousy of the others. Servia demanded an increase of territory, claiming as her own the western portion of Bulgaria which had been included in the ancient Servian monarchy. Obeying the voice of the nation, King Milan declared war November 13, and led his army across the frontier. Prince Alexander, at the head of the combined forces of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, hurried to meet the enemy. The Servians advanced rapidly upon Sofia, the capital, defeating the Bulgarians in several bloody battles. But the war news suddenly changed. Alexander repulsed an attack upon Slivnitza, and followed up his advantage so closely that he soon had the Servian army in full retreat. The victorious Bulgarian forces entered Servia on the morning of November 26. Two days later an armistice of ten days was declared, and Alexander offered to make peace on payment of $8,000,000 war indemnity. As the Servians are eager to vindicate their military reputation, it is by no means certain that the war is at an end. Austria has apparently acted as the adviser of King Milan in this struggle, and Austrian officers are as plentiful in his army as are Russians among the Bulgarian regiments. Should the quarrel be re-opened, Russia and Austria may take the field in earnest.

Meanwhile a conference of the Powers has been deliberating at Constantinople upon the revolt in Roumelia. Turkey has been authorized to restore the former government, or the *status quo ante*, and a new governor has been sent to take the place of the one who was deposed in September.

But the Roumelians do not welcome their old rulers. They have been fighting for freedom in the ranks of their Bulgarian brothers, and will hardly submit without a struggle to the mandate of the Powers.

The Treaty of Berlin.

A CLEAR understanding of the provisions of the treaty of Berlin and of the causes which brought it about is essential to any correct view of the present state of the Eastern Question.

The Berlin treaty was the agreement of the Powers of Europe to keep Russia out of Constantinople. The Powers acted none too soon. Russia had taken up arms in April, 1877, to secure civil and religious liberty for those Christian subjects of the Turk who dwelt along the banks of the Danube, and cultivated the valleys to the north and south of the Balkan ridge. The Bulgarian massacres had roused all Europe to compassion, but the Czar was the only ruler to lift again the Greek cross and take the field against the Sultan.

A single vigorous campaign brought the Russian armies to the heights which overlook the Turkish capital. The city was defenseless. One bold movement, and the descendant of Peter the Great might seize the long-coveted seat of the Eastern Empire, the goal of Russian statesmen and generals for more than a century and a half.

At this critical moment the wily Turk appealed to European jealousy for aid. Austria, blocked on the west by a united Germany, had turned her face eastward. Her road to commercial greatness ran through the Balkan passes to the Ægean, and must be guarded against Cossack hands. England, with Disraeli at the helm, was steering a bold course to empire, and no such obstacle as the Russian occupation of Constantinople could be allowed. The Czar saw that farther progress was for the time impossible, and sought, by granting peace in the moment of victory, to secure for himself the most favorable terms. Representatives of Czar and Sultan signed the treaty of San Stefano, March 3, 1878.

Russia gained directly but a small concession of territory and a money payment, but by indirect means she gained all that she sought—a free road to Constantinople. As the champion of the Christian population, the Czar obtained the complete independence of Servia, Roumania, and Montenegro, and a great Bulgaria was formed extending from the Danube to the Ægean, owning the sovereignty of the Porte. To Bosnia, Herzegovina, and the rest of European Turkey was guaranteed the possession of such civil and religious liberties as they had never known. The people of the whole Balkan peninsula regarded the Czar of Russia as their liberator and protector, and awaited eagerly the time when they should welcome the gay Russian squadrons in their next triumphant march to take possession of the great city.

When the terms of San Stefano were published there was a stir in European courts. England and Austria announced that the great Powers had the right to determine how Turkish affairs should be settled. The peace of Europe hung in the balance. But Russia yielded. Debt and domestic troubles forbade her to undertake a great war, and she had reluctantly to submit the terms of the treaty to a conference of the six great Powers at Berlin. The Congress met June 13, 1878, and for a whole month deliberated upon the conflicting claims. On the 13th of July the Berlin treaty announced to the world the result of the agreement. It was another illustration of the old fable. Russia had fought and won, but the spoils of victory fell to those who sat as judges.

Austria took under her protection the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina—a long step toward the Orient. England was satisfied with the occupation of Cyprus, and a general supervision of Turkish administration. Montenegro, Servia, and Roumania were left free, but they had to thank, not Russia, but the self-sacrificing Powers of western Europe. That great free Bulgaria through which the Cossacks were some fine day to gallop to the Bosphorus was reduced to a mere remnant, and then divided. The southern half—Eastern Roumelia—was left in Turkish hands, and the Balkan passes were handed over to the Turkish troops. The Cossack must fight his bloody way to the Bosphorus. Those portions of the San Stefano treaty which conflicted with the treaty of Berlin were pronounced void, and victorious Russia stood with little except a great war debt to remind her of her victories.

Disraeli, who had guided the Berlin Congress, returned to England a hero. Men called him the greatest statesman of his time. He had snatched Constantinople from the Russians, he had turned war into a glorious peace, he had re-established the waning fame of England, and had adjusted so skillfully the discordant interests of the Powers that the Eastern Question, which had vexed so long the politics of Europe, was solved forever. Disraeli died in this belief. It is only seven years since that famous Congress, yet on the 18th of September a puff of revolution in Eastern Roumelia, the most artistically devised of these artificial states, threw down the whole house of cards and threatened seriously the boasted peace of Europe. The fragile treaty of Berlin has had a fall, and it remains to be seen whether all the Powers of Europe will be able to put it together again.

MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER, in the "North American Review," in the course of an historical summary of events leading up to "United Bulgaria," gives the following as General Grant's statement of what he would have done had he arrived before Constantinople with a victorious army. He was in Constantinople at the time the treaty of San Stefano was signed: "He would have occupied Constantinople with his troops, and, while making every provision for the safety of private and of government property, would have issued a proclamation leaving the ultimate arrangements to the European Powers, on one sole condition—'that the rule of the Turk in Europe was to be forever abolished.'"

The Conquest of Burmah.

ENGLAND has concluded another of those campaigns by which she is accustomed to protect her commerce and enlarge her territory. Theebaw, the blood-thirsty king of Burmah, foolishly relying upon French assistance, interfered with a British trading company. The queen's government took up the case of her subjects and demanded of the Burmese monarch security for his future good behavior. Theebaw scornfully rejected these demands, whereupon the queen declared war, November 10, and an English force of 10,000 men in British Burmah immediately moved up the Irrawaddy River against the capital. Theebaw's troops were driven back by the impetuous advance of the English. On the 28th of November, General Prendergast entered Mandalay, the Burmese capital. The king surrendered on the following day, and was immediately sent to British territory. The government will be administered for the present by commissioners from England. It will not be long before this country, through which lies the commercial route between India and China, will become a part of the great British Empire.

The following remarks upon Burmah and its rulers are taken from Dr. H. M. Field's "From Egypt to Japan:"

"There is no doubt that the king of Burmah considers himself the greatest potentate on earth. His capital is a wretched place. A Russian gentleman whom we met in Rangoon had just come down from Mandalay, and he described it as the most miserable mass of habitations that ever assumed to be called a city. There were no roads, no carriages, no horses, only a few bullock-carts. Yet the lord of this capital thinks it a great metropolis, and himself a great sovereign, and no one about him dares tell him to the contrary. He is an absolute despot,

and has the power of life and death, which he exercises on any who excite his displeasure. He has but to speak a word or raise a hand and the object of his wrath is led to execution. Suspicion makes him cruel, and death is sometimes inflicted by tortures or crucifixion. Formerly bodies were often seen suspended to crosses along the river. Of course no one dares to provoke such a master by telling him the truth. Not long ago he sent a mission to Europe, and when his embassadors returned they reported to the king that 'London and Paris were very respectable cities, but not to be compared to Mandalay!' This was repeated to me by the captain of the steamer which brought them back, who said one of them told him they did not dare to say any thing else, that they would lose their heads if they should intimate to his majesty that there was on earth a greater sovereign than himself."

The Death of the Vice-President.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, Vice-President of the United States, died suddenly at his home in Indianapolis, on the afternoon of Wednesday, November 25. Mr. Hendricks was born in 1819; he entered the legal profession, in which he won distinction, and has been for more than forty years a prominent figure in state and national politics. The funeral took place at Indianapolis December 1, and the day was marked by expressions of sorrow in all parts of the country. For special reasons it was considered imprudent for the President to attend the funeral, and he remained in Washington. In the event of the death of the President, the Vice-President would legally perform the duties of the chief magistrate. Should both President and Vice-President be removed, it is provided by the Constitution that the President *pro tempore* of the Senate shall become President of the United States. (This President *pro tempore* of the Senate is usually chosen at the opening of Congress to preside in the absence of the Vice-President.) The Constitution further directs that in case the President, Vice-President, and President *pro tempore* be removed, the Speaker of the House of Representatives shall act as President. In case all these offices are vacant, a new election for President and Vice-President must be ordered.

Had President Cleveland died before the meeting of Congress, Dec. 7, the nation would have been left without an official head. The Senate had chosen no presiding officer, and the new House of Representatives had not yet assembled for organization. In consideration of these circumstances, the President deemed it unwise to expose himself to the dangers of the journey to Indianapolis.

The Death of the Spanish King.

ALFONSO XII., King of Spain, died on November 25, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, and in the eleventh year of his reign. He came to the throne at a time of great national disorder. His mother, Queen Isabella II., had been driven from the country, a weak republic had been set up only to fall in ruins, and the northern provinces gave armed support to the royal pretender, Don Carlos, a cousin of the youthful king. But Alfonso won over the army, suppressed the Carlist outbreaks, and by a course of conciliation reduced to comparative harmony the discordant factions. The *Infanta* Mercedes, a little girl of five years, succeeds to the throne of her father. Queen Christina, her mother, is to act as Regent until the baby-queen becomes of age. Her task is difficult and dangerous. The news of the king's death has given a new impetus to the Revolutionists. In one part of Europe Don Carlos is awaiting an opportunity to revive his claims to the throne. Spanish exiles are hurrying from their haunts in France and England to raise again the banner of the Republic "on the blood-red fields of Spain." The frontiers are watched to prevent the entrance of the banished leaders. The whole kingdom is in a state of distraction. Ignorant and superstitious beyond any European nation, and burdened by an enormous debt, the common people of Spain have been subjected to the scourge of cholera until they have become panic-stricken, and refuse to help themselves. The outlook for the little queen and her mother is very dark.

Alfonso was buried November 29 in the Escurial, a palace erected by Philip II., who died in 1598. It has been called the eighth wonder of the world. Many travelers have described its grandeur. The following account of the chapel and burial-place of the Spanish kings is taken from an English book, "Spanish Pictures Drawn with Pen and Pencil:"

"The grand entrance is never opened except to admit the reigning sovereign or the corpse of the monarch when brought there for interment. I have never been more impressed than by the sight of the chapel of the Escurial. Instead of entering it by stately portals, as is usually the case, this sacred edifice is approached from a dark passage. As one emerges from it and stands at the arched entrance, it is impossible to describe the effect produced by its simple majesty. After a while you begin to wonder what it is that has produced so startling an impression. There is no ornament of any kind; nothing to interfere with the solemn feeling that one stands in a building consecrated to the worship of the Almighty. There is nothing to diminish the grandeur of the idea. All is solemn and imposing. Every thing trifling seems banished. Truly the architect of that chapel was a master of his profession.

"The Pantheon, or royal sepulcher, is under the chapel, and is so arranged that the royal dead lie immediately below the high altar. I last visited the Escurial on one of those delicious days in the late autumn which in Spain are so supremely enjoyable. As we left the clear, radiant sunshine and the bright air of the mountains for the close, dark vapors of the sepulcher, and the yellow, lurid light of the torches, the contrast was not a little affecting. The impressiveness and pathos of the occasion were deepened by the strange weird noises of the wind, which had risen with great rapidity and violence, and seemed to wail and howl and shriek through the deserted courts of the Escurial with thrilling effect. It was as though the builders of this grand and massive pile, the lords of this once mighty land, were bewailing their follies and their crimes. Like all the edifices in Spain, which are not in actual occupation, the Escurial seems falling out of repair. On every side are traces of dilapidation. If speedy means be not taken to arrest the progress of decay, this immense palace, convent, and sepulcher will soon become a ruin like the kingdom of which it is at once the center and the type."

A Brief Survey.

THE news presents the following "Current Topics." (Compare summary and map in OUR YOUTH, Number 1, December 5, 1885, pages 13, 14, 15.)

The Liberals lead the Tories in the English parliamentary elections, but neither party has a clear majority, Parnell with his Irish Nationalists holding the balance of power.———The Peruvian revolutionists after repeated defeats have outflanked the government troops, captured Lima, the capital, forced President Iglesias to resign, and ordered a new election.———The Forty-ninth Congress of the United States assembled for its first session, Monday, December 7. John Sherman, of Ohio, was elected President of the Senate, and John G. Carlisle was re-elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. Both Houses then adjourned out of respect to the memory of the Vice-President.———The French ministry has assured its generals that Tonquin is not to be evacuated.——— The new Spanish ministry has accepted the Pope's settlement of the German claim to the Caroline Islands. The Spanish sovereignty is recognized, while Germany is granted coaling stations in the group.———A German corvette has annexed the Marshall Islands.———35,000 Poles have been driven from Prussia simply because they were Russian subjects.——Indian outrages in Arizona are reported.———One of the districts of northern Mexico is in a state of revolution.———Severe earthquakes have occurred in Algeria, destroying property and killing many people.——— Troops are concentrating in Utah in anticipation of a Mormon outbreak. ———By an arrangement with the Turkish government England has undertaken anew the administration of Egyptian affairs.

Pronunciation.

Æ-gē'an (ē-gē'an).	Dán-ūbe.	Mi-lán.
Al-gē'ri-a.	Dis-raĕ'lĭ.	Mon-te-né-gro (Mon-tā-nā'gro).
Ber-lin'.	Es-cū'ri-al.	Prŭs'sia.
Bul-gár-i-a.	Herz-e-go-ví-na (Herts-e-gō-vé-na).	Ran-goon' (gŭn').
Bal-kán.	Ig-lē'sĭ-as,	Rŭs'sia.
Bŏs'phŏr-us.	Ir-ra-wád-dy (E-ra-wád-dy).	Rou-mā'nĭ-a.
Bos'nĭ-a (Boz-).	Lí-ma (Lee-).	Rou-mē'lĭ-a.
Búr-mah (Bĕr-).	Ma-drid.	San Ste-fá-no.
Czar (Tsăr').	Mán-da-lay.	Sliv-nítz-a.
	Mer-cē'des.	So-fí-a (Sō-fē'a).

An Announcement.

COMMENCING with the next number of OUR YOUTH, this department will contain each week, in addition to its present features, a special study of a single nation, giving a brief summary of geographical, political, and historical facts, and suggesting the best books upon the country under consideration. The current news will govern the choice of subjects. In view of the complications in Peru, that state has been selected for the first article.

Our aim is to stimulate in every way an interest in the "outside world." Our readers will find that it is possible to present the dull facts and figures of the school-books in such form and with such associations that the study of them will prove not less interesting than it is valuable.

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

A NOVEL and, we trust, interesting feature of OUR YOUTH for the coming year will be a debating club. As those who join in the argument may be hundreds of miles apart, and must write their speeches in perfect coolness, we anticipate no trouble from hasty words and quick tempers which have brought so many deliberative bodies to a sad and untimely end.

The plan in its simplicity is this: In our issue of December 26 we shall propose a question for debate, and shall devote a column of each of our issues of January 9 and 16, 1886, to arguments for the affirmative. The same space in the next two issues will be given to the support of the negative. The two contributors who have presented the best arguments on their respective sides will be appointed to "sum up" the debate in the following issue, when the question will be decided by the editor upon the weight of argument. To avoid protracted discussions, and give a hearing to as large a number as circumstances permit, each contributor will be limited to *one hundred and fifty words*. The best six arguments will be published each week with or without the contributor's name as he or she may desire.

If this department furnishes an incentive to investigation and thought, and leads to habits of clear and concise expression, as well as affording pleasure and amusement, its aim will be accomplished. Be ready for the question December 26, choose your side, and prepare your arguments. Remember the limit, and say a great deal in a few words.

Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—Grandpa—"Well, Fred, you're an uncle now. You ought to be real proud over it." Little Fred—"No, I oughtn't to. I aint no uncle." Grandpa—"Why not?" Little Fred—"'Cause I'm an aunt. The new baby's a girl."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—"I think," said Col. Fizzletop, "that Johnny is getting to be too trifling for any thing. He is the laziest boy in Austin." "That may be; but he gets up at six o'clock in the morning, I notice," replied Mrs. Fizzletop. "O, he does that so he can have more time to loaf."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Little Charley—"Papa, will you buy me a drum?" Fond father—"Ah, but my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do." Charley—"O, no, papa; I wont drum except when you are asleep." —*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

—Flattery is like colone water, tew be smelt ov, not swallered.—*Josh Billings.*

—"Will you have a piece of pie, Mr. Goodman?" asked Bobby's mother of the minister.

"Thanks, no," he replied.

"Will you, Bobby?" she inquired.

"N-no, I guess not," said Bobby, rather hesitatingly.

The minister looked at Bobby in surprise. "I thought all little boys were fond of pie," he said.

"They are," replied Bobby. "I could eat that hull pie; but ma said if you didn't take any I mustn't, an' she'd save it for to-morrow."—*New York Times.*

—The athleticism of these times is not always conducive to the smooth running of the household.

"I must hurry home," said Mrs. De Peyster to Mrs. De Joghus, the other morning. "Reginald has been riding his bicycle again."

"Indeed, and did he break a record?"

"O no, but he broke his other leg. He has only one whole limb now, and that is the middle finger on his left hand."—*Hartford Post.*

—"O, Emeline, come quick! The baby's tumbled down into the cistern; we's bin a-fishin' for him for half an hour wid an umbreller handle an' a chunk o' sponge cake, an' we can't even get a nibble."

—Lady, in intelligence office—"I am afraid that little girl wont do for a nurse; she is too small. I should hesitate to trust her with the baby." Clerk—"Her size, madam, we look upon as her greatest recommendation. You should remember that when she drops a baby it doesn't have very far to fall."

—"Arthur," said a good-natured father to his "young hopeful," "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Didn't you," replied hopeful, "I knew it at the time."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Fred's uncle visited his nephew's school one morning, and at dinner said:

"I liked your teacher, Fred; she struck me very favorably."

"H'm! you ought to see how she struck me after you left."

I.

Out upon the frozen lake
Little Johnnie's head doth break,
And a bruise his forehead mars,
While he contemplates the stars.

II.

Down the hill the coasters skim,
Kate and William, Bess and Jim,
On a "Thank you, ma'am," they tip her,
And capsize the "double ripper."

III.

Round the fort the snowballs fly,
Tommy gets one in the eye;
And as homeward sad he goes,
Another takes him on the nose.

IV.

Skating, coasting, taking forts,
These the boys call winter sports;
Frozen, swollen, blind, and lame,
They're always ready for the game.

PEACE, TRANQUILLITY, HAPPINESS.

"Agriculture," said Washington, "is the most healthful, most useful, and most noble employment of man." Probably there is not a professional man, a merchant, or a mechanic, who does not to-day look forward to the time when he shall be the happy possessor of a few acres, where he can escape perplexing cares, and spend the evening of his days in peace and tranquillity! Very many of our richest men are sending their sons to Agricultural Colleges and Experimental Farms, that they may learn how to till the soil.

But both parents and children can acquire a vast deal of information by reading the "AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST"—reading it alone and reading it in the family circle.

The wonderful career of the "AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST" during this half-century is well known—how its circulation has at times ran up toward *One Hundred and Fifty Thousand*, and how its readers have averaged for twenty years over One Hundred Thousand; how it has absorbed twenty-four other newspapers, extended its circulation through other lands as well as our own.

The great staff of editors, who, headed by Dr. George Thurber, have kept the "AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST" at the front for twenty-five years, are now re-enforced by Chester P. Dewey, Seth Green, and others. We propose to add to the hundreds of thousands of homes in which the

"AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST"

is read and revered, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as an old-time friend and counselor. We are accordingly enlarging the

HEARTH, HOUSEHOLD, AND JUVENILE DEPARTMENTS,

and adding other features, so that it is to be, from this time onward, essentially a HOME PERIODICAL, as well as being devoted to Agriculture and Horticulture.

Every person who **immediately** sends us **$1.50, the subscription price,** and **15 cents** for posting book, making **$1.65 in all,** will receive the **"AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST"** for 1886, or the **"AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST LAW BOOK,"** just published,—a Compendium of every-day law for Farmers, Mechanics, Business men, Manufacturers, etc., enabling every one to be his own lawyer. It is a large volume, weighing one pound and a half, and elegantly bound in Cloth and Gold. The "AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST"

WANTS THE EARTH

to yield bigger returns by increasing its great army of readers. We distributed **60,000 Presents** to those who aided in the work last year, and we are planning to give **100,000 Presents** to workers this year. Send for Confidential terms for workers, when you forward your subscription. Subscription price, $1.50 a year; single numbers, 15 cents.

Send 5 cents for mailing you grand double number of the "American Agriculturist," just out, and sample pages with table of contents of Law Book.

Canvassers Wanted Every-where.

THE "ADVOCATES" ON THE "AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST."

From "The Christian Advocate," New York:

"The 'American Agriculturist' has been greatly enlarged and widened in scope, and stands unrivaled to-day in the high quality of its editorial and general make-up. Every farmer should have it as a permanent visitor to his home. The subscription price is nominal when the Cyclopedia the publishers offer to each subscriber is taken into the count. The paper was never so strong financially as it is to-day."

From "The St. Louis Central Christian Advocate:"

"The 'American Agriculturist' has been on our exchange list for many years, and we have said many words in commendation of it, but none too many. It is one of our oldest agricultural papers, has a world-wide reputation, and is full of the enterprise which keeps a paper fully up to the times. Nowhere does intelligence pay better than in farming. The 'Agriculturist' is offering special advantages."

From "The Christian Advocate," Pittsburg, Pa.:

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It Can't Be.

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